

# THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE

*Truth human brings to think and to reason, and they will no longer submit to tyranny and oppression.*

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## At Home and Abroad.

"The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature."—*Baron*.

BORDER LAND.

BY FRÉDÉRIC CARY.

I know you are always by my side,  
And I know you love me, Winifred dear,  
For I never called on you since you died  
But you answered tenderly, I am here!

So come from the misty shadows, where  
You came last night and the night before,  
Put back the veil of your golden hair  
And let me look in your face once more.  
Ah! it is you with that brow of truth,  
Ever too pure for the least disguise;  
With the same dear smile on the loving mouth,  
And the same sweet light in the tender eyes.

You are my own, my darling still,  
So do not vanish or turn aside;  
Wait till my eyes have had their fill—  
Wait till my heart is pacified!

You have left the light of your higher place,  
And ever thoughtful and kind and good,  
You come with your old familiar face,  
And not with the look of your angel-hood.

Still the touch of your hand is soft and light,  
And your voice is gentle, and kind and low,  
And the very roses you wear to-night,  
You wore in the summers long ago.

O world! you may tell me I dream or rave,  
So long as my darling comes to prove  
That the feet of the spirit cross the grave,  
And the living live, and the living love.

## SPIRITUAL INSIGHT.

NO. IV.

"For he knoweth what was in man."

We presume there are but few persons who have not repeatedly recognized an impelling power acting upon them, repeatedly felt a pleading earnestness pressing upon their mental consciousness. There are but few who have not some time during their lives caught bright visions and known imparted strength and comfort that no mortal love gave. 'Mid the rush of daily activity the impulse often comes, strong and irresistible, urging to a certain course of action, impelling even where judgment would scarcely lead. Those who listen most carefully to such monitions find wisdom and order in them beyond what the mere exercise of reason would have revealed.

We once knew a woman in very humble life, making no pretension to any special attainment, whose sincere piety and trusting faith made her believe herself capable of doing God-service. She listened daily and almost hourly to words that revealed to her knowledge far beyond her own. They bade her visit the sick and suffering in streets and lanes where she had never been. They would designate even the number of the dwelling, and though strange faces met her, she would declare for what purpose she came, and her relief was always just what was needed. She never stopped to question these voices but went wheresoever they directed, as if she was doing her Master's service.

We knew two men of wealth and position who in like manner yielded to an influence that appealed to their highest nature and habitually went forth among the destitute and suffering, rousing them up to active exertions, helping them when they falter, teaching them when ignorant, ministering to them when sick. One of them in his home of elegant affluence, one cold, bitter night, after he had seated himself comfortably for the evening in dressing-gown and slippers, heard a spirit-voice saying: "Mother wants bread to-night." Hastily he donned his street attire and packing a basket with comforts, he went whither the impulse led him and there he found a widow sick and

suffering with no food and no fire. As he stood before her the generous supply he had brought for her necessities, she looked at him with tearful eyes and said: "Oh, sir! I dreamed last night that my angel boy Johnny came to me and said that he would bring me help." We have not all of us this susceptibility, or at least we do not recognize it. Our consciousness fails to interpret these voices. But every human spirit has its spiritual perceptions. If we earnestly seek to be instructed and helped, if we earnestly desire to come into closer communion with that which will aid us to do our truest, noblest work, we shall never fail to know what course to pursue to best accomplish that work.

But it is not merely that we may listen to voices from the unseen world that we should seek to quicken our spiritual perceptions. Many a suffering, starving spirit may be in our midst to whom we could break the bread of life. A thirsting, famishing soul may stand even at the well and there be no one to draw the water. It is to enable us more connectively to perceive the condition and wants of those about us that we should desire sensibilities acute enough to enable us to aid and bless the human family. If we cannot look upon spirit faces, yet each home has its spirits clad in mortal garb to be ministered unto and to minister. Perpetually is the voice calling unto us to give, and continually are we painting pictures upon our soul-life that shall hang ineffaceable for a record of that which we gave.

It needs the highest wisdom we can gain to minister to one human spirit, and to give truly the bread of life and the living water requires a sympathy and love that only a high spiritual attainment can give. It is to become mediators unto the human spirit that the words of truth are ever calling us. Whether those words were uttered by Hindoo, Moslem, or Jew, "by sage or seer, by saint or sinner, they are daily, hourly calling unto us to recognize our spiritual natures, to quicken our spiritual perceptions, to ally ourselves more perfectly with the world about us.

The spirit-world is no far off reality. Every human spirit is bound to it by the strongest of ties, receives from it and gives to it of necessity through the laws of its being. The sweet harmonies we need listen to are those within our own beings that respond to the divine sympathies that God awakens in every living thing. The beautiful sights and visions that we should strive to behold are those that glow in every thought and fancy called forth by all that is beautiful and true and noble through God's indwelling life and outworking power. Then, though the ear be deafened and the eye be blind yet will the sweet appeal not be wanting or the soul fail to learn that which it seeks to know.

There are those that have eyes and see not, we are told, and ears and hear not, and we should all have learned that it is not merely through intellectual acquirements that men become wisest and best. The sincere and ardent aspiration that cries only, "Light, more light!" will not leave man in darkness. The diviner light will flow through all things, through matter and spirit and the perpetual words of the Almighty, "Let there be light," will seem to call forth eternal creations.

The sun of righteousness that dawned on the world so many years ago, where is its meridian splendor? The glorious day promised, why does it delay its coming? Within each human soul must this day dawn and its light glow. One perpetual sunshine of glory flows from the great

source of life and light. God's light can know no shadow. God's day can know no night. It is only darkness to him who shuts out the splendor; it is only night to him who awakens not at the dawn of the morning. Each spirit that steps from out the vale of error and darkness, from out the cloud-land of superstition, the night of fear and gloom, has truly entered the spirit-world and commenced its journey to the kingdom of Heaven. Inspiration signifies that which is breathed into the consciousness. We call that man inspired who gives forth higher truths than the common mind. But if we carefully study the interior nature of man, we find that all such inspiration flows through natural channels. The quickened senses of the soul perceive diviner truths than the natural senses will reveal. Thus we have men of wisdom, prophets, and those who sway the minds of men as they will. These have intellectual strength and great moral stamina. But their grasp of truth depends less upon their intellectual development, than upon their ability to take into their consciousness that which their acute spiritual sensibilities perceive. This is made plain to us when we study the true greatness of men who have held sway in the world of mind. Those in whom the intellect alone was active, gave to the world no sublime spiritual truths. All the wisdom of the doctors was confounded by the young son of Joseph whose interior nature, with its untaught knowledge, reached beyond all that learning could boast. To perceive a truth or take it into the consciousness demands sufficient mental activity to weigh, measure, and define the truth. Thus the intellect must receive what the spiritual senses reveal, as truly as it must measure and estimate that which the natural senses reveal.

What then is demanded to make men truly great? A wide extended knowledge of the external world alone will not do it. Intellectual requirements do not necessarily develop one's selfhood. Do we not find it is a wide extended, all embracing sympathy, a recognition of that in all things of which we are a part, the taking into ourselves of the life of all things? As soon as we find ourselves allied unto the universe of spirit as we are unto the universe of matter, we begin to understand how it is possible for us to become at one with God, the soul of the universe, and to reach forth with clearer vision than prophet knew and with keener ear than seer could claim to a recognition of that which now represents God. It is to the development of these spiritual senses that all truly religious aspirations tend. The soul seeks to look out from its darkened chambers. Its little light, faint and glimmering, would be quickened into a glaring flame. True aspiration demands no intellectual effort. The Apostle Paul commanded his disciples to covet earnestly spiritual gifts or an opening of their spiritual senses and an extension of their spiritual sympathies.

Our external lives need to be linked to that life beyond the life of sense, then should we find divine significance in all that is. Then would our quick sense of suffering enable us to be ministers of salvation; our quick sense of injustice and wrong would enable us to help the crushed and fallen, our daily lives would become radiant with beauty, and we should feel ourselves servants of the Most High and at one with the Divine through spiritual sympathy with all goodness, all beauty and all truth.

Genius has an orbit of its own; if it moved through the orbit of common-place lives, it would not be genius, but common-place.

## ONE OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Rev. Theodore Cuyler of Brooklyn, says in a recent article from his pen in the *Congregationalist*, that "during the last two years the number of conversions and admissions into the church among the wealthy and cultivated classes of society has been lamentably small. In some of the largest Presbyterian and Congregational churches of Brooklyn and New York, the additions on confession of faith have come, to a great degree, from the humbler classes worshipping in the *ordinary* chapels and mission schools."

He goes on to say:

"I could point to three or four prominent and prosperous churches whose chief accessions of new members last year, were from their chapels of charity. To the poor the gospel has been preached and many of them have heard it gladly and embraced it, while in the main edifice of the same churches, the cultured and 'well-to-do' auditors have furnished only here and there a convert! Conversions to Christ are diminishing among the rich in these two great cities. This is a solemn and alarming fact. While it is true that the salvation of an obscure individual is in God's sight as precious as the salvation of a millionaire or a philosopher, it is equally true that the consecration to God of the influence, money, culture and social power of the influential classes is of prodigious importance. The church of Christ cannot afford to lose the talent, the wealth and the social influence which are her due; no more can the leading classes afford to lose the blessings and sanctifying power of spiritual Christianity. Several reasons might be given for the comparative decrease of conversions among the leading classes, and the more prosperous portion of the community. The growth of wealth 'brings a snare.' With it often comes pride, covetousness and the spirit of self-indulgence. It is harder to catch the infection and bring home the truth to a successful merchant than it is to reach the humblest man. The domestic and social habits of our higher classes have undoubtedly changed. There are more counter attractions to the evening prayer meeting. It is increasingly difficult to maintain such meetings in large numbers, and with the fervent interest of 'olden times.' It is not fashionable to go to prayer meeting. And indeed many of the cultured classes discourage plain and ardent preaching by their growing fastidiousness.

This a most interesting and important confession from an authoritative source. Is Rev. Cuyler one of that class to whom it was said in olden 'times,' Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the weather, but ye cannot discern the signs of the times? Does he not know that his explanation of the conceded fact that conversions to Christ, as he terms them, among the cultured classes are diminishing, is bosh? Does he not know that it is just because culture is increasing that conversions are decreasing? Does he not know that as men become enlightened and begin to think for themselves they invariably turn away from the so-called church of Christ? The Christianity of to-day is an effete system, a system of external belief without any substance, without any vital heat. As men acquire wealth, by means of it they acquire culture and as they acquire culture they begin to do their own thinking; and as they think, they shake off the trammels of authoritative dogmas, and the servitude of blind and superstitious adherence to forms and ceremonies, and become too intelligent, not too 'fashionable,' to attend a prayer meeting where 'the fervent interest of olden times' can no longer by any possibility be kept up because the means by which that fervor was excited have lost their power save over the ignorant, the uncultured.

Conversions to sectarian Christianity have always been the result of appeals made to the ignorant fears of men and women; fears of a lurid hell, a personal devil, and an angry God. As men become enlightened they turn from these 'old wives fa-

bles,' and from the priests who still strive by means of them to hold mankind in bondage; are restive and uneasy under the 'arousing preaching' which is simply a reiteration of them, and if nothing better is offered them they relapse into utter indifference to all spiritual things.

We agree with Dr. Cuyler that the influence, money culture and social power of the more influential classes is of 'prodigious importance' to the church. And why? Simply because without them Dr. Cuyler could not receive a salary of \$10,000 a year. Without them, costly churches monopolizing vast sums of money, could not be sustained, wherein the anything but weak and lowly followers of him who had not where to lay his head, can worship on velvet cushions to the sound of music that costs \$10,000 a year.

We agree too, with Dr. Cuyler that 'the leading classes cannot afford to lose the blessing and sanctifying power of spiritual Christianity.' But we affirm that just here lies in a nut shell the whole secret of the indifference to the church, not only of the class to which he alludes, but of the masses. The church is utterly devoid of spiritual Christianity. It has no living flame burning upon its altars. Look at its position toward Spiritualism. In order to oppose its progress, it denies all that it has ever taught; the facts concerning the ministry of Jesus, the communication of saints, the guardianship of angels, and everything except a blind and superstitious adherence to forms and ceremonies.

Does Mr. Cuyler imagine that if the churches of to-day enshrined and represented a practical, spiritual Christianity there could possibly exist indifference toward them in the hearts of any class of society? Does he for a moment imagine that if the fire of a living inspiration burned upon their altars men could be kept away from it? If he does let him look at the unprecedented growth of Spiritualism during the few years that have elapsed since the Rochester knockings first claimed attention; let him learn the fact that in less than a quarter of a century Spiritualism has made more progress than Christianity made in centuries, and it may lead him to a comprehension of the cause of this. And after he has learned this let him be man enough to tell his brethren and the churches that their downfall is inevitable because they do not and will not come up to the truth as it is felt and demonstrated at the present time.

We rejoice in every such honest confession as this of Dr. Cuyler's in relation to the waning power of the church. But few ministers are honest enough to confess that it is increasingly difficult to maintain prayer meetings with large numbers, and that their most influential hearers discourage 'plain and ardent' doctrinal sermons of warning to flee from the wrath to come. There is only one way for the church to escape its surely impending doom, and that is by accepting the light and liberty of the gospel—in other words, by understanding that men can no longer be taught by authority, or frightened into conformity to man-made creeds, and that it is impossible for men to feed on fumes and not starve.

Sorosis held its annual meeting at Delmonico's, the first Monday in March, for the election of officers. Mrs. Wilbour was chosen almost unanimously for president; Mrs. Mary F. Davis first vice-president. The other officers represent the talent and spirit of the association which is doing something for the elevation of woman, if not all that its friends could wish.

## THE ATTITUDE OF UNITARIANS TOWARDS SPIRITUALISM.

The Spiritualists have been aware for a long time that the more radical of the Unitarians, who accepted in most respects the philosophy of Spiritualism, have been always ready with a sneer and a slur to throw discredit upon its facts. At the first Radical Convention, Mr. Wasson followed Robert Dale Owen's remarks with a most cutting and to us uncourteous allusion to the narrow circle of ideas that Spiritualists revolved in. The brave and ever-ready Higginson replied most nobly for the great proof of immortality revealed by Spiritualism. But it was evident that the Radicals did not wish to harbor this precocious child and did not want their reputation for scholarship to be hurt by its inarticulate utterance.

Since then there have been many side-thrusts at this increasing power, and now five years later we find an evident effort to be civil and almost just to it. The *Old and New*, a magazine of much literary value, has in its 'Examiner' a remarkable paper on 'The Debatable Land.' It shows most clearly an increased interest and respect for the phenomena of Spiritualism. It says: 'This is a brave and honest book. It is always brave and honest to say what one thinks.' It is probable that the miracle which converted Mr. Owen would convert most thinkers if it could reach them. But it does not, nor anything like it.

The belief of Mr. Owen and these stories of his, are either true or false. If they are false we certainly must add one new thing to the category of villainies all over the world. But if they are true it can hardly be pretended that anything can exceed them either in interest as truths or in their direct personal interest to us. Perhaps one of the best proofs of their genuineness is their powerful action on human thought, which could never come from a nullity. Men go through the paces of easy denial, sham investigation, to rest with a delight which deceives themselves in occasional failures and then after saying to their friends that, 'if after all, there should be anything in it, it must be of the devil,' they dismiss it forever. What is a miracle? A wonder, a rare and admirable thing. Is the rarity of it a reason for its non-existence any more than if it occurred every hour? Are tidal-waves and comets and century-blooming aloes less real facts than morning and evening? The *naïveté* of the philosopher, who on hearing of a really new and wonderful thing should be disposed to deny it, would, he may be confident, be inspired by ignorance and not by his knowledge. Every one of these modern narratives which are getting so abundant that they murmur like the voices of many waters hint at their brothers all along the line of the world's story.

We have no doubt that the inimical attitude of science toward these new facts will be followed ere long by a speedy reconciliation. As law is everywhere, and already a suspicion of the absolute law of spirit-approach is shaping itself, when the hour strikes that poor Spiritualism can present herself labeled and ticketed as the child of law, the doors of academies and colleges will be thrown open to her, and then, as in that tough story of Dr. Franklin and his coat, a piece of which was cut off by request, science may assume a patronage of the angelic host which will put the doctors of divinity to shame. The world then may see a strange reconciliation. The processes of faith will have become those of thought and study and a familiarity with the most recondite mysteries will be one of the signs of the earth's manhood.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)



## LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offense;  
Let it pass!  
Anger is a foe to sense;  
Let it pass!  
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong  
Which will disappear ere long;  
Rather sing this cheery song,  
Let it pass!  
Strife corrodes the purest mind;  
Let it pass!  
As the unregarded wind,  
Let it pass!  
Any vulgar souls that live  
May condemn without reprieve;  
Tis the noble who forgive,  
Let it pass!  
Echo not an angry word;  
Let it pass!  
Think how often you have erred;  
Let it pass!  
Since our joys must pass away  
Like the dewdrops on the way,  
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?  
Let it pass!  
If for good you've taken ill,  
Let it pass!  
Oh! be kind and gentle still;  
Let it pass!  
Time at last makes all things straight;  
Let us not resent, but wait,  
And our triumph shall be great;  
Let it pass!  
Bid your anger to depart;  
Let it pass!  
Lay these homely words to heart,  
Let it pass!  
Follow not the giddy throng;  
Better to be wronged than wrong;  
Therefore sing this cheery song,  
Let it pass!

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Propounded to Lyman C. Howe at a meeting held in  
Waukegan, Ill. Reported for the PRESENT AGE.

Is God an existence outside of matter,  
or does he exist in consonance with nature's  
law?

Everywhere nature reveals organic tendencies; wherever you turn you see evidences of a power in and through nature. The theologian supposes God to be a personality existing above and outside of nature, holding her subject to his arbitrary will, with even the power to annihilate her should such be his pleasure, and create a new universe. On the other hand, the materialist holds that there is no God other than nature, her laws and manifestations. Between these two extremes lies the truth. He that formed the ear, shall he not hear? he that created the eye, shall he not see? Yet all we can know of this eye or ear must be read through nature. We recognize in all nature the presence of God and the immortality of the soul. Man, a blossom, a part of the infinite, immortal principle, is himself immortal. Pure intellect can probe many mysteries of nature, but is always compelled to pause confounded before the mysteries and complexities of the human soul. Through intuition only is that intellect baptized in the light of God, and only when thus baptized can it be conscious or take cognizance of any divinity other than itself. It is only when not thus illuminated with the light of intuition that reason is justly termed "carnal." The reason immured in the dungeon of materialism, can have no conception of the spiritual reason. It is in the capacity of every soul to develop the divine intuition, through which God is felt out rather than reasoned out. You are told pure reason is cold, unspiritual, incapable of dealing with aught above the sphere of mere materialism. Well, each faculty has its own mission, the hands to manipulate, the feet to walk. It would be absurd to ask any organ to perform an office for which it was not originally designed. We have the basic brain, the front brain, and the top brain, the crown of all, each fulfilling its peculiar function in its legitimate sphere. The top brain is by organic structure the superior brain, the last in order of universal development, in every essential the ruling capacity. It reaches out into the orbit of that plane of being with which it is in sympathy; it takes its object out of the realm of materialism and wreathes it with a crown of beauty. And yet, says one, it is this, the devotional faculty that sometimes leads away to degrading worship, that induces man to pay homage to idols. Yes, but still through all its manifestations, from highest to lowest, it is the same recognition of Infinite Goodness, feeling the divine influence according to its power to receive or enjoy. But that man is best and highest who recognizes God through every faculty

of his being, all leaning upon and polarized by the coronal faculty of veneration. And at this stage will "carnal reason" recognize and no longer deny God.

What is the significance of dreams, catalepsy, trance, clairvoyance?

All point the one way and tell of a dual life, the physical and the spiritual. The human soul, as a whole, is a compound of all that makes up the material being. But soul is not all that makes up the mind; mind resides specially in the brain. Soul is the clothing of the spirit, the semi-organized power that at death forms the spirit body. In this life, there is a perpetual struggle between body and spirit, because the two have not established a perfect harmony one with the other. It is the struggle of chaos against order; a perpetual revolt against, yet perpetual yielding to the divine. The mind is the ruling emperor, yet is measurably dependent upon his subjects. Therefore there are many degrees of partial leavings of the body. Dreams are evolutions of the soul, where the passivity of the body induces activity of the soul. The air is filled with subtle gases that surround the brain. A thought acts upon these as a pebble dropped into the wave, and creates a vibration that is communicated from wave to wave far out into an almost limitless expanse. When exhausted by throwing out this power, as during the waking hours, the body is gradually overcome with languor, grows passive, as in sleep, and then it is that these subtle waves of ether come rolling back upon you and you recall or re-enact the scenes and activities of the day. Why then, you ask, does not the subject of this state become a chaotic being? Why does this not induce a loss of individuality? When you take into your stomach a heterogeneous material, your body appropriates the assimilating particles and provides for the throwing off of the waste and refuse matter. So will your soul, on the resumption of the body's activity, rise triumphant, throw back the waves of chaotic thought that have rolled over it in the body's passive hours, and the judgment resume its power of appropriating and classifying. But, it is urged, catalepsy, trance, and like conditions, seem to annihilate the identity of the man, induce a state of coma or chaos that breaks into insanity. Catalepsy is a quickened state of the soul during which it takes in ideas never before apprehended. Ah! says the skeptic, this undermines the theory of Spiritualism; the mystic operations of the mind itself are ample to explain all that you attribute to spirit communion. Nay, these powers exhibited in catalepsy, trance, clairvoyance, by some allied to disease, are all indices that point upward to immortality. This power of the soul to wander beyond and independent of the body, implies a state that does not need the mortal heart to quicken it—is an index of a state of perpetuity of identity when death shall lay the body low.

Why should Spiritualists antagonize the church?

If by the church is meant the religious manhood that desires to know the will of God and do it, then Spiritualism is not opposed to the church. While it is at war with error wherever found, even if it be in the church, as the word is commonly understood, yet it never arrays itself against genuine religion. But, say you, many mediums rail against the churches. In church and out there are those in whom is shut out from the soul the sweet light. Spiritualism comes to bless, not to curse; it says to the poor soul everywhere, you are the child of God in your possibilities for highest devotion, for in you lives the germ of all religion. How is the church going to accomplish the mission of the physician of souls while it thrusts aside those it holds impure, while it refuses to associate with publicans and sinners, not to mingle in their sin, but to rescue them therefrom. This, which the church leaves undone, is the mission of Jesus and of Spiritualism.

If spirits use human beings to develop their purposes, have they the power to make compensation for sacrifices they compel these instruments of their will to make?

Yes; but what may be considered as compensation by you may not be such to them. There are mediums who have been robbed seemingly of their choicest treasures. Spirits have power to make restitution but only through certain laws, and compensation comes in such coin as earth cannot appreciate.

Is the belief that Jesus Christ is the only mediator between God and man, injurious to the spirit of man after the death of his physical body?

Whatever is hurtful to the spirit in earthly life is hurtful in after life. Therefore, if this belief be founded in law and fact, it is conducive to spiritual well-being by virtue of its truth. If it be false, then it is hurtful to the soul by reason of its falsehood. The Christian world, in its assumption of Jesus as mediator, has symbolized mediation with nature, has prophesied of possibilities for the whole human race. The character of Jesus is the type of what every soul is capable of becoming and what every soul will become some time in the future. Each man to-day that can look out upon a sinful and cursed earth, and feel in his own being the woes and sufferings of his fellows, and invoke for them the pity of God, is a mediator between God and the lower grades of man. Such mediators there are all over the land. To believe and proclaim, then, that Jesus is the *only* mediator, is to throw a pall of despotism and despair over every spiritual soul that reaches out toward the perfection of God; is to ignore the goodness of all the ages, and hence is detrimental to the soul's earthly growth, and consequently to its happiness in the world hereafter.

Will giving the ballot to woman conduce to the welfare of the nation?

Yes, because it is a recognition of justice and equal rights, and tends not only to the exaltation of woman but will redound as well to the advancement and glory of man in making him recognize and defer to the law of eternal justice. Whatever is injustice to woman is ultimately injustice to man as well.

For the Present Age.

## DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

BY W. C. WATERS.

Perhaps no artist in this or any other country, has been more successful in honoring and symbolizing the orthodox idea of death, than the distinguished Quaker artist Benj. West. For many years, that very elaborate work of his genius, "Death on the Pale Horse," hung in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. The building has been sold, and the great painting together with many others, stored away, so that they are no longer on exhibition. I doubt not the artist, in his spirit home, is rejoiced that such a mistaken idea of the office of death, emanating from his pencil, no longer helps to miseducate humanity.

The painting stored away is a decided loss to the orthodox side of theology. It was a silent, but eloquent preacher of terror. Old Apollon, his sulphur country and unending torments, are staples in trade that the orthodox element cannot afford to lose. These are financial agents of success, shearing the honest, but unthinking portion of the human family. A lumberman residing far up the Delaware, once asked a Baptist clergyman how much his meeting house would be worth, if news should be received that the fires of hell had gone out and the devil was dead? Of course the reverend gentleman was in too much of a hurry to settle the question. The church would scare us into belief, but the question is open for discussion. Is a chained tiger any less a tiger, or a human being any better for being scared into a compliance with certain dogmas or ceremonial forms of worship?

The state does not trouble itself about what shall become of our souls, it only looks after our material comforts while we linger on this green earth. Kindly the state sends us a keg of beer and a jug of whisky together with some policemen and judicial officers, as whipping posts, lest the aforesaid liquor should muddle our heads and tangle our feet to the extent, that we may need looking after. Both church and state agree in plundering our pockets.

They may combine dignity and piety, but they rifle our pockets on a stupendous scale. Our great men, who condescend to take us by the nose and lead us, are generally great in proportion as we don't know much about them—"distance lends enchantment to the view." If we contact with them much, the lion often dwindles to the squirrel. Death will be of much service to most of these men; it will assist them to find their specific gravity, as it will all other men; then, we shall be able to pass for just what we are.

The priesthood or King James version of the Holy Word, may not always prove the richest mine in which to hunt for proof "if a man die he shall live again." The sacred book is now undergoing repairs in England. What the Most High will say when those gentlemen shall have hatched his infallible word through their intellectual machinery, as yet we know not. It is said that each verse is considered by them more or less a blunder, and will be manipulated to say something a little different. It may be hoped, in this further rendering, his Serene Highness may declare, in no mystical terms, that humanity shall live forever, and that he conducts his affairs without the assistance of a leader up of infernal forces which may baffle nine out of ten of his holy intentions.

A young lady, recently visiting at my house, says that she has attended circles in the town where she resides, at which the invisible dance a "French four" carrying their spirit lanterns, to indicate their respective positions in the dance, keeping time correctly with music either quick or slow. To a long headed skeptic, this might afford a more lively demonstration of a pleasant time, "over there" than all the preaching since the landing of the pilgrims. An airy, light dance in the land of the free and home of the blest, with a "change your partners, forward and back, up and down the middle and all promenade," might be far more interesting than to spend twenty thousand years, as Mr. Spurgeon thinks he shall, in looking at the wounds inflicted by the Jews upon the gentle Nazarine. A Quaker friend of mine groped, as he declared for forty years in the church, seeking to find out something about dead men; but not hearing so much as a whisper from the mysterious realm, his soul became very thirsty for a deeper knowledge of immortality. The heavenly curtain being at length rolled up to his subjective vision, the first look in among the doings of the departed, revealed to him his Quaker brothers taking a jocund, dancing frolic on the heavenly green, while a niece of the distinguished artist, George Catlin, was playing for them a musical instrument of Paradise.

There is something sweetly sublime in the reply of the young Greek to Clemanthe, when she asks if they shall meet again. He answers: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills which look eternal; of the flowing streams which flow forever; of the stars among whose fields my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy loving face, I feel there is something in thy love, which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe." This is better than David when he declares: "The dead praise not the Lord," or Moses, saying: "They sleep with their fathers;" better than Isaiah, declaring: "They are dead; they shall not live; they are deceased; they shall not rise." Ecclesiastes gives us a gloomy outlook to the subject, in discoursing thus: "For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope, for a living dog is better than a dead lion! The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love and their hatred is now perished." These scripture writers give us about as satisfactory evidence, touching the future life, as the man gave his dog when he kept on hammering him a long time after he was dead just to let the animal know that there is punishment after death.

The truth is that these spirit communings have come to bless humanity; they are better and richer than "apples of gold in pictures of silver;"

they point the soul skyward, and heal the bruised mourner's heart. Coming as voices from the dear ones gone to the better land they soothe the mother's aching heart and give sweet assurance that she too shall live forever, where no clouds come to separate her from her darling child.

FAILURES IN SOCIETY.—Society is full of failures that need never have been made: full of men who have never succeeded when they might have, and should have, succeeded; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat, and sleep, and smirer, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weaknesses. The world is full, I say, of such people; full of men in every trade and profession who do not amount to any thing, and of girls and women without trade or profession who have no desire to amount to any thing; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without due charity, without making allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and thoughtful men are weary of their presence. Every boy ought to improve on his own father; every girl grow into a nobler, gentler, more self-denying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of the former types will give the world the perfect type. I know not whether the millennium is, as measured by distance of time; but I do know, and so do you all, that it is a great way off as measured by human growth and expansion.

We have no such men and women yet, no age has ever had any, as shall stand on the earth in that age of peace that will not come until men are worthy of it.—W. H. Murray.

## ALBANY (N. Y.) CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—The proceedings of local societies cannot, as a general thing be of much interest to the public, but as our town, Albany, N. Y., has for many years been a God-forsaken, church-ridden place, any awakening to the cause of Spiritualism is an event of such an exceptional nature I may be pardoned for desiring to record it.

The mass of people here suppose they are followers of Christ because they attend church and make long prayers, forgetting Christ's saying, that greater things than he did shall follow those who believe on him; ignoring the statement, or regarding it at least as something that has no actual significance, that *various gifts* shall be with the children of God, such as prophecy, healing, tongues, and the *discerning of spirits*. (If no spirits come for cognizance, how are we to discern them?) I say that the mass of citizens whom I have encountered here suppose they are followers of Christ because of the observance of forms, while they do not hesitate to slander you behind your back, intentionally misconstrue your words and deeds, cheat you in business transactions and swindle you out of your just dues on any flimsy pretext whatever. With the wealthy who have no excuse for meanness, a high seat in the synagogue, a tall steeple, and a silken-gowned priest, take the place of a lovely piety, Christ-like humanity and charity; and the silken-gowned man who would step from his carriage and lift his hat to one of the rich ladies of his congregation, would on another occasion hold his head so high in the air he could not see the man-degraded, trembling outcast to whom Christ would have said in brotherly love, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

What I wish, however, more particularly to note, is the success which has attended the labors of Dr. E. C. Dunn. About seven weeks since a few of us started a "Society of Spiritualists," and having no speaker I lectured for said society for the first three Sundays; then, was fortunate enough to secure the services of Dr. Dunn, who had just filled an engagement in Troy, and found that I had hit upon just the right man to lay the foundation of permanent prosperity. At each lecture the crowd increased, till we were finally obliged to hire one of our very largest halls—donated it was in fact, by an eminent florist and stanch Spiritualist, Mr. Chatfield—which, too, was filled nearly to overflowing. A highly intellectual audience welcomed him on the last night of his course, and very respectful and courteous attention was given to his words. What assisted in this crowning glory of his engagement here, was a debate which he had held during the week with a *clé-dé-vant* Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Mitchell. To say that Dr. Dunn triumphed, would by no means be sufficient praise, for the reverend gentleman gave him no opportunity to display his powers. Mr. Mitchell almost entirely ignored the ground of debate, and during three evenings made only two points that had any bearing upon the subject; the rest was Methodist rant about Jesus Christ and the resurrection of the body. He said that Moses and Elias, Samuel, and other messengers from the spirit world were "mere visions and not realities," and that all the spirit manifestations were by clairvoyance or by electricity. What rendered the whole thing peculiarly noticeable and which brought around Dr. Dunn many friends and supporters who might otherwise have let the affair drop from their memories, was the injustice displayed by the petty orthodox chairman (sustained by the Y. M. C. Association) when votes were called for at the close of the discussion, he deciding in the negative when five to one were the hands held up in the affirmative.

When I see the puny efforts made by these bigots, I often think how hard it must be for them to kick against the pricks; nevertheless they will kick, bristle their spines (as in the debate just referred to) and even throw themselves into the very fray rather than not be true to the old persecuting spirit which inheres in the church and combats every new idea and every step toward progress.

Dr. Dunn's eloquence, touching narratives and marvelous experiences have enabled him to wield a large influence and draw crowds to listen to his teachings who otherwise might have remained in that *caliginous darkness and obscurity* which seems to be the peculiar province of orthodoxy. We hope to have him again with us next autumn.

A merchant here of large business capacity, a man of probity and highly esteemed by all who know him, related to me, a few evenings since, the following incident in his boyhood, which is strangely marvelous. One night he dreamed that a dog with a human face approached him, seized him by the side, and lacerated his flesh terribly. A few days afterward a neighbor came to invite him to go out gunning and brought with him another boy. As soon as the friend saw the latter he recognized on his at once the face that he had seen in his dream on the dog. He went with the two, and after the fatigues of wood and field were on their way home, when the dog-faced boy, being behind my friend and his companion, playfully thrust the muzzle of his gun between the two and fired to frighten them. My friend, feeling the point of fire arm, suddenly turned to see what the chief might be brewing and received the contents of the weapon full in the side—the spot where the dog had torn him in his dream. With the wound he was confined to the house for six months.

What is the theory of presentiments? In all ages and everywhere people have had presentiments. The sober orthodox will tell you of presentiments, and yet laugh at Spiritualism. He has had a presentiment that he was to lose a favorite boy, and the boy has been brought home dead. Another has had a deep foreboding of disaster, and has soon found his house in flames and his family lost in the ruins. A lady has just told me of a friend of hers in New York who was greatly depressed one day and stated that she should not live long. In less than twenty-four hours, by a strange accident, she was thrown upon a railroad track and brought home dead. When comes this seeming intuition? Can the mind in its eternal relation to future events go out and on as it were in advance of fate and read its inevitable destiny? If it comes not within the scope of its capacities, then to the spirit world alone must we lay for solution of the mystery. The latter seems to me more reasonable; for among those untrammelled by the flesh, I can fancy an engraving of perceptions, an inventory of soul with soul, an outward far-reaching faculty that wings its way toward the infinite; powers indeed of which we can have only the faintest flush of its dawning, as upon the shores of time we looked away toward the great ocean of eternity and dream that the day was breaking.

The oft repeated saying, that "God is allowed no longing for which he has not prepared a complement," or the means of gratifying it, is fraught with more eager anticipation than any other proverbial expression perhaps in the English language. The painter, the poet, the musician, the scholar, the lover of any great art or science, the lover of the beautiful, the good, the harmony and grandeur of nature, won't his innermost heart, both in the crowd by day and in the silence of the night, tender fearful hope that in the great hereafter at least, his soul will be soothed and satisfied. There is always enough in this longing to urge him onward here, but not enough, fortunately, (but in exceptional cases, one of which I have now in memory) to make him overstep, voluntarily, the boundaries of our finite existence. Urged onward onward, ever longing but never grasping the full fruition of his soul's yearnings, he may know, as a Spiritualist, as he lay on his pen, his brush, his instrument of song and the hilltops grow dim to his vision there is another sphere more redolent of perfections.

G. L. Drown.

## CORRECTION.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—Relative to a certificate of mine as to funds here in carrying the four million loan, I should correct statement in regard to sales of real estate by the vice president of the Board of Works of the wife of editor of *Capital* and to the editor of *Chronicle*. The sale was made as far as appears from the record, at the value of the property, instead of for one dollar. That the press was subsidized appears, however, from evidence taken before an investigating committee of the House of Representatives, the *Chronicle* having been paid over \$10,000 for advertising, and \$25,000 for job work by the District or territorial government, when the loan question was being agitated. The *Republican* was paid \$27,270 for work done; the *New York Herald* \$4,492. Tickets against the loan could rarely be procured on election day.

Taking these subsidizing and other fraudulent operations into consideration, is it not time to deprive men of a privilege for the judicial opponents of woman suffrage allege that voting is *only a privilege* which they thus abuse, and restrict the privilege of voting and office holding to women only? This is the logical result of some arguments recently used against woman suffrage.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1st.



## Scientific.

On the hardest adamant some foot-prints of us is seen; for the last year of the host will tread traces of the earliest man.—GARY.

For the Present Age.  
GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER XXII.

BY PROF. E. WHITTLE.

As we turn the leaves of the geological record, the order of that solemn march which arose in the morning of creation is marshalled in panoramic splendor before our admiring gaze. The earth, once a fire-ball, went flaming through space a miniature sun, with no mountains, valleys, oceans, or living things to diversify its surface. Then a crust was consolidated, oceans were condensed from gases, strata were deposited, life germinated, order came out of chaos, and this grand old world pursued an orderly march toward maturity. The old silurian sea teemed with invertebrate life. The sea-weeds, crinoids, shells, and crustaceans, found there a congenial home. The devonian seas bore the earliest vertebrate life of the globe—the fishes. Then succeeded the carboniferous age, with its spreading marshes, its fern-forests, bearing the richest foliage of the ancient world, which was also distinguished for its manufacture of fuel and extensive preparations for the terrestrial tribes that were to be the denizens of the land. Then followed the age of reptiles; with a climate still tropical and lands partially reclaimed from the sea. Mud flats and marshes covered with reeds, cyanoes, and conifers, extended over thousands of square miles; and in these vales gigantic monsters disported themselves and contested for supremacy. But the globe was not yet finished; it had not yet become a suitable theater for the highest types of life. Ages must roll away, tribe after tribe come and go, ere man could become a participant in earthly struggles.

## CRETACEOUS PERIOD.

With the cretaceous, the age of reptiles was brought to a close. Like the triassic, it was an era of disturbance and transition, and was especially remarkable for the number of mollusks and reptiles that terminated their existence. Cretaceous is from the Latin *creta*, for chalk, and so named on account of the numerous chalk beds that abound in the formation. In this country the cretaceous is a surface rock along the Atlantic border, occurring in patches from New Jersey to South Carolina, extending westward along the gulf border, and stretching northwesterly in a belt of several hundred miles wide along the base of the Rocky Mountains, and often extending over their slopes at elevations of several thousand feet. Yet when these beds were forming, the sea covered the areas they now occupy, and subsequent convulsions have lifted portions of them to the altitudes of the great mountain axis.

The cretaceous beds are largely composed of sand which was torn from the older strata, together with marl, clay, and shell limestone loosely aggregated. In New Jersey the beds are four hundred feet thick, in Alabama two thousand, and in the region of the upper Missouri, twenty-five hundred feet thick. Chalk strata are found in Europe from the north of Ireland to the south of Russia, and from the south of Sweden to Bordeaux, in France comprising an area of eleven hundred miles from east to west and eight hundred miles north and south. Older formations however crop out in many localities within this area, breaking the chalk beds up into detached provinces.

Chalk is an earthy form of the carbonate of lime, and its occurrence in masses hundreds of feet in thickness, has been the occasion of much speculation among geologists; but recent observations have made its origin intelligible. The detritus of coral reefs yield a powder nearly identical with that of common chalk. The stomachs of marine worms and fishes that feed upon corals, contain considerable quantities of impure chalk. The chalk beds also contain a profusion of microscopic shells.

The coral reefs were therefore the principal source of chalk beds, while

fishes, marine worms, and crustaceans were the agents for the conversion of the material into that substance.

Flint nodules abound in the chalk of the north of Europe, composed of a vast number of the silicious shells of microscopic organisms, called *rhizopods*. These thrive in deep water and contribute to chalk in the North Atlantic at the present day, as recent deep sea soundings testify. The occurrence of flint in bands of several inches in thickness, and distributed at intervals through the chalk beds, suggests a segregating process while the material of the beds was in a plastic state. Previous to hardening, the beds which formed chalk, contained both lime and silicious shells of great minuteness, together with fragments of sponges and silica deposited from thermal springs; and this mixed compound being subjected for a long time to the slow action of thermal and electrical forces, displayed a proclivity to break up, and precipitate its silicious materials in distinct bands as we find them.

Warm seas constitute the only congenial home of coral animals, and as the chalk beds are proven to be the debris of corals, the fact of a sub-tropical climate, extending as far north as New Jersey during the cretaceous period, is clearly indicated. No reefs are forming at the present day north of the twenty-seventh parallel.

The vegetation of the cretaceous exhibits a modern character. Here we meet with the relics of the earliest trees that formed true bark, and the species approximated such modern varieties as the oak, dogwood, birch, maple, beech, willow, alder, sassafras, &c.

The shells of the cretaceous were very numerous. More than a thousand new species are known. The ammonites from the Rocky Mountains are over three feet in diameter. Modified forms of the ammonite family also occur, the shells of which are more or less uncoiled. The scaphites (*scapha*, a boat), the baculites (*baculum*, walking stick), and turrelites (*turris*, a tower), are examples.

The age of mollusks has been described as belonging to the silurian, yet the highest class in this division—the cephalopods—reached a higher development in mesozoic times than during any preceding age. The ammonites, which were confined to the mesozoic age, were represented by nine hundred species and nautilus by about two hundred. The former disappeared during the cretaceous period, and the latter still survives in four species. The cephalopod type began with the orthoceras, straight chambered shell of the silurian, and reached its maximum in the curved and complex ammonite of the jurassic period. The progress was from the simple and straight to the curved and complex, and in the decline of the type there was a partial resumption of the straight forms as seen in the turrelites, scaphites, and baculites of the cretaceous. Agassiz says that "with the breaking up of this type in the cretaceous ammonites into a number of fantastic and often contorted shapes, it disappears. It is singular that forms so unusual and so contrary to the usual regularity of this group should accompany its last stage of existence and seem to shadow forth by their strange contortions the final dissolution of their type."

The fishes of this period assume a more modern aspect. The upper lobe of the caudal fin is shortened, at the junction of which the vertebral column terminates, and the whole skeleton becomes more completely ossified.

With regard to mammals, a gap seems to intervene between the marsupials of the jurassic and higher quadrupeds of the later tertiary, which is not filled by any cretaceous fossils yet discovered. The reason for this absence will be discussed in another place.

A LOCOMOTIVE consumer, on the average, forty-five gallons of water for every mile that it runs.

When a diamond is exposed to the intense heat produced by the voltaic battery, it becomes fused and resembles a piece of coke.

THE PRESENT AGE.  
For the Present Age.  
EPIDEMIC DELUSIONS WITH REFERENCE TO SPIRITUALISTIC MANIFESTATIONS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Wm. B. Carpenter, M. D., etc., etc., delivered a lecture on this subject before the Sunday Lecture Society, at St. George's Hall, London, Jan. 14, 1872. Dr. Carpenter is widely and favorably known as a scientist and a voluminous writer, and would be expected to bring the culture of his various researches to the investigation of the subject in hand. The method of treatment is very similar to that years ago pursued by the "exposers" in this country and now quite obsolete. He recites a catalogue of incidents taken from the experience of somnambulists and cataleptic persons, and from them easily approaches the interesting subject which may properly be termed the "epidemic of delusions," finely illustrated in religious revivals. Dr. Carpenter does not, however, employ this illustration, which is stronger than any that he gives. He mentions the various phrases the overwrought imagination yields, during the prevalence of, and after its passage of what was known as "the black death;" the "tarantula," so prevalent in Italy, and belief in witchcraft.

From this array of facts, interesting in themselves, but seemingly gathered without any reference to the subject, Dr. Carpenter generalizes, and the result of his "meanings" to use a felicitous expression of Dickens, is that Modern Spiritualism is an "epidemic delusion!" He attempts not to prove this extraordinary assertion, but to invalidate the evidence of those who support it. He clearly sees that there are two diverse series of phenomena to account for, the purely psychical and the physical, and that his theory only covers the ground of the former. The latter are hushed away by a flat denial. He casts a sneer at Prof. Robert Hare because "he believed that he had experimentally demonstrated the immortality of the soul, a conclusion so preposterous that he adds, "I think you will perceive that there must be some great perversion of reasoning, which could induce him to come to such a conclusion as that." There is little hope of correct understanding when the judgment is as prejudicial as this sentence indicates.

The lecturer said the "source of his fallacy was perfectly obvious; although the medium did not see the dial, Prof. Hare did, and she unconsciously read the letters from his countenance!" In a man of Dr. Carpenter's high attainments we should expect, at least common fairness, and not downright misstatement. Had he given the experiments of Prof. Hare in their completeness, his whole structure would have been demolished. He knew this, because he could not have learned what he did state, without reading the whole, and hence he knowingly suppresses the most essential portions, and wilfully falsifies the testimony. Why does he not mention the experiment where the balance indicated a pressure of eighteen pounds, and that repeatedly, while the medium's fingers rested in water, and every possible precaution was taken that they should not come in contact with the vessel in which the water was placed? Perhaps the balance might have caught this "epidemic delusion." Why does he not mention the experiments where the medium's hands rested on a board supported on the table by balls, and hence could not possibly have had the least influence on the movements of the table by which the dial was operated? Why does he not mention the tests of a psychical character so abundantly recorded by Prof. Hare? Why does he not mention the researches of Prof. Crookes, corroborative of Prof. Hare's? Ah! these would conflict with his theory. That spirits have nothing to do with the phenomena is a foregone conclusion, and all favorable testimony is ruled out. He says:

"The notion that these departed spirits can give a rap upon a table, and lift chairs in the air, etc., seems to me most strangely repugnant to common sense."

"I have carefully and systematically prosecuted inquiries for a long series of years—not of late years, it is true, because I found no good could result from it—my experience being that where I was al-

lowed to use tests, there I found delusion; and where I could not employ tests I could suspect intentional delusion, or unintentional self-delusion. I believe all the phenomena resolve themselves into one or the other."

Why does he make this sweeping assertion? Because spiritual phenomena, unlike other scientific occurrences, cannot be "exhibited at any time and to anybody," and because the *rationalis* cannot be given.

"I have waited hours and hours for the exhibitions which I had been promised, but have had to return without being able to see them. \* \* \* I consider it is much time wasted, and having given it a great deal of time formerly which I could very ill spare, I do not feel that scientific men are called upon to go to this or that seance, until they can be assured that these things can be shown to them fair and above-board, and in a manner that shall satisfy a scientific scrutiny, which is no more than an exact application of the common-sense methods."

When such arrogance assumes the place of the teachable docility which should be the leading characteristic of the student of science, nothing is to be expected from this unfortunate subject outside of the beaten path. Dr. Carpenter makes the preposterous claim that facts must go in search of scientists instead of scientists after facts! He condemns the various exploring expeditions, sent forth, to observe the eclipse of the sun, or the phenomena of the Arctic circle. Why should the naturalist explore new fields before he is "assured" that he will be presented with facts "in such a manner that shall satisfy scientific scrutiny." The facts must comply to the *ipse dixit* of the philosopher. When a leader in science thus stultifies himself, one can scarce refrain from saying as Dr. Carpenter says a gentleman said in his presence, "I thank heaven that I am not a scientific man!"

When Prof. Crookes undertook the series of experiments on which he deduced his theory of "psychic force," he earnestly invited the co-operation of his brother professors. They were pressed for time, and left him alone to master the subject, and would not even receive their results. If Dr. Carpenter was directed to make researches into the mysterious circulation of the *meduse*, or the process by which the coral forms its stony framework, or the propagation of the *entozoon*, by reduplication, would he subject himself to the ridicule of his fellows by saying he would not until "assured that these things could be shown fair and above board?"

How carefully the scalpel would divide the soft substance of the *meduse* to trace an organic filament, and what painstaking to detect the secret of its nervous excitability, or the indications of organic differentiation, in the absence of all organs. The astronomer not only waits "hours and hours," but years and years, for the changes in the stars, the occurrence of eclipses, of star showers, and comical changes which shall in the brief moment they allow him, give the least suggestion of the mechanism of the heavens. He might wait for a whole month before a single streamer danced on the corona of the Northern Light. Dr. Carpenter has no precious time to waste in this manner; first he must be assured that when he gazes upward, the sun will be eclipsed; when starward, changes will occur; or northward, the northern fire will glow in unspeakable beauty.

No one better understands the folly of such a position, even in relation to the well known physical sciences, yet he would rigidly apply it to the spiritual realm, the threshold of which we have scarcely passed! We are almost totally ignorant of its laws, of the condition, or capabilities of spirits, admitting their existence, and the wisest are children in its courts. Not ours to dictate, but to receive, and to honestly observe and study.

Dr. Carpenter's explanation amounts to this: The psychical phenomena of Spiritualism are hallucinations, the physical are either produced by deception, or are also hallucinations. The unprejudiced reader will acknowledge that the evidence he produces to sustain his position, to say the most, is "remotely circumstantial." The operations of the mind are mysterious and wonderful, which none more readily

admit than Spiritualists, but because such is the fact, it does not follow that knowledge is gained in its mysteries, by playing "bopeep" behind its unknown laws. This stage in the development of Spiritualism in America was attained and passed several years ago, and among the better informed, few there are who have the temerity to pronounce the phenomena either humbug or hallucination. If Dr. Carpenter has proved anything, it is the total unfitness of the so styled, scientific men, for the investigation of the psychic domain. They have by their pursuits become as material as the atoms they study, and carry their prejudices into the new field. They are obedient to conditions in their own narrow walks, where they know that they cannot obtain the desired results without such obedience; but in the unexplored spirit province, which infinitely transcends the narrow borders of their studies, they would dictate what the conditions must be in order to convince them.

What would be said of the ability of the chemist if he were to place sulphur and iron in his crucible, and insist that oxide of iron must result on application of heat, else he would not believe chemistry true, or in fact would not believe in the existence of iron or sulphur? Or of the astronomer, who insisted that when he pointed his telescope to the sun he must see certain changes in the solar envelope, else he would not believe in the existence of the sun?

We must learn the first great lesson requisite to correct observation; *nature will not be forced*. We at once lose our self-conceit, and become as little children in her courts, attentively bowing in humility. There is no greater need than for scientific investigation, by which we mean, the application of common-sense and careful reasoning, but we have no hope from the so-called scientists. Each of these has a little province the thorough understanding of which has made him famous, outside of which he knows or cares little. The very process by which he excels in his peculiar department has made him narrow and dwarfish elsewhere, and peculiarly unfit to decide on a cosmopolitan subject such as Spiritualism. A few with broader culture than their fellows have dared to investigate, and the names of Prof. Varley, Crookes, Dr. Morgan, Hare and Mapes, shed a luster over the field of their investigation.

What is "scientific investigation?" Simply correct, carefully observed, and recorded investigation. It can be made by the humblest laborer in a backwoods cabin as well as by the most learned professor in the halls of a college. We admit that there has been a want of carefulness in observing and recording phenomena, by which the value of many of the most astonishing manifestations has been lessened, and we urge on all observers, whenever happy circumstances allow singularly notable results, to attentively observe and record the same, in such a manner as to make them valuable as evidence. Of the scientific method, it is the true method, and all we ask of such men as Dr. Carpenter, is to faithfully apply it to the investigation of Spiritualism, as to physiology or any other of the natural sciences. Until they do this, it is for their credit as "scientists" to eschew lecturing on the subject, and withhold their judgment.

## IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

In all my experience in New Orleans I met with no dying persons who were terrified except members of the church who had been brought up in the Trinitarian faith. \* \* \* In all my experience, I never saw an unbeliever die in fear. I have seen them expire, of course, without any hopes or expectations, but never in agitation from dread or misgivings as to what might befall them hereafter. I know that clergymen generally assert that this final event passes with some dreadful vision of unknown, inconceivable agony over the soul of the departing sinner. It is imagined that in his case the pangs of dissolution are greatly aggravated by the upbraidings of a guilty conscience, and by the unwillingness, the reluctance of the spirit to be torn with ruthless violence from its mortal tenement, and hurried by the furies into the presence of an avenging judge. But this is all a picture of superstitious fancy.—Theodore Clapp.

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Dr. Britton also treats Catarrh, Bronchial Affections, and Incontinent Consumption by the Inhalation of Cod Liver Oil Vapors. The use of a depending syringe—injection of cod liver oil—on the stomach and doubtful effects of medicine, administered by the sole process of deglutition, must be apparent to all persons of ordinary capacity who will parent to a person of ordinary capacity. The really great men who most effectively advocated and practiced this system are all dead, and so are their patients. The system itself should be placed to a direct method and a

## More Subtle &amp; Scientific Treatment?

It can hardly be denied that the diseases of the Respiratory organs and many others, including the most aggravated

## Forms of Disease Peculiar to Females

Demand the direct and skilful local application of the necessary agents and proper methods to accomplish a positive cure. Filling the stomach with vile noxious, swelling, and irritating agents, and the swarming hordes of devotions and panaceas are popular ways and means, but they seldom reach a difficult case.

When the case will admit of it the remedy should be directly introduced into the diseased organ. If the proper agents are suitably prepared and judiciously administered, this treatment will produce the most satisfactory results. This may suffice to indicate our general method. We aim to expel or to excise the foci of the flesh by sending the

## ESSENTIAL SPIRIT OF THE MEDICINE

After them by the shortest way possible. The proper object to be accomplished by the administration of medicine calls for no periphrastic explanation. Its true purpose is to dislodge the enemy—to cure the patient. To this end the restorative agent, in the form of a subtle and yielding vapor—powerful in its effects as it is attenuated in substance—moves lightly as a spiritual presence over the delicate membranes, quieting the nerves and finding its way into and through the minutest air cells, thus reaching the very

## SEAT AND CITADEL OF DISEASE.

Among the more important remedial agents of this general class and character prepared by Dr. Britton, mention may be made of the Aromatic Volatile Compound

## SPIRIT OF THE PINE,

One of the most cleansing, and strengthening preparations ever applied in the treatment of nasal and pulmonary diseases. This preparation of Pine Tar is used with the Inhaler. Also the

## CARBOLIC ACID SOLUTION

Combined with balsamic oils, adapted to medical purposes, and used with surprising relief to the patient in the process of

## Erhine, Bronchial and Pulmonic Inhalation.

In their relations to medicine these substances should be prepared with scientific precision and used with care. The latter preparation is the most effectual of all the deodorizing and disinfecting substances. When properly applied, it immediately

## Arrests Disease and Prevents

The disorders that derange the secretions, corrupt the mucous surfaces, and finally destroy the tissues, readily yield to its surprising virtues. Hence the process of disease, and the progress of the disease, are so much as commence while the parts are properly subjected to its action.

The theory and practice of Dr. Britton embrace all the agents of Comprehensive Eclectic Medicine. Concentrated medicines, carefully prepared—with special reference to the electro-magnetic and chemical effects—employed whenever they can be beneficially combined with the local and external modes of treatment.

The Doctor's Hydro-Electric Baths, and the Aromatic Medicated Vapor Baths, administered nowhere else in this country, are a positive luxury and most important instrumentalities in the cure of both acute and chronic diseases. As a speedy method for equipping the entire circulation, the warm Electric Bath is far superior to all other methods hitherto employed by the medical profession.

Dr. Britton supplies Family Medicine Chests, containing such an assortment of the

## Electropathic Remedies

As will enable any one to successfully treat all ordinary cases of illness without the aid of a physician. These Remedies are carefully prepared without the application of heat, put up in Elegant Black Walnut cases, and accompanied with necessary directions.

Persons who cannot come to Newark may have a course of treatment prescribed and remedies forwarded by express to any part of the country.

## BRIEF TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PRESS.

Dr. BRITTON has evidently studied Man much more thoroughly than many physicians and chemists of the highest grade.—*Home Journal*.The observations of Dr. Britton, carefully and much curious and intimate physiological knowledge and personal authority.—*Christian Examiner*.Dr. Britton's operations and showing the influence of the will over the nervous system.—*Illustrations of the views in a most astonishing manner*.—*New York Sun*.His discoveries have attracted the attention of many medical men, who regard them as contributions of great importance to the healing art.—*Jersey City Telegram*.The immediate relief administered by Dr. Britton, even in severe cases, is a very curious fact. To consider it as great a mystery as the milk in the cooing nest.—*The New York Times*.We were much struck by certain experiments of Dr. Britton's which command over the phenomena of life and death.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.Dr. Britton's experiments and observations are very valuable, and unquestionably solved some of the greatest problems in the science of Man.—*Hartford Daily Times*.Dr. BRITTON pursued the study of Electricity and Magnetism some thirty years ago, under the instruction of the venerable Professor Steele, of New York. In all my experience, I never saw an unbeliever die in fear. I have seen them expire, of course, without any hopes or expectations, but never in agitation from dread or misgivings as to what might befall them hereafter. I know that clergymen generally assert that this final event passes with some dreadful vision of unknown, inconceivable agony over the soul of the departing sinner. It is imagined that in his case the pangs of dissolution are greatly aggravated by the upbraidings of a guilty conscience, and by the unwillingness, the reluctance of the spirit to be torn with ruthless violence from its mortal tenement, and hurried by the furies into the presence of an avenging judge. But this is all a picture of superstitious fancy.—*Theodore Clapp*.

Office Hours from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. and from 7 to 9 in the Evening. Fridays Excepted.

Letters calling for scientific analysis and professional opinion or advice, should inclose \$5, with a lock of the patient's hair; a general description of the facts and symptoms of the case; duration of the illness or disability; cause of disease, if known; mentioning also the sex, age, height, weight and color of the eyes of the patient, &amp;c.

Address as above.

S. B. BRITTON, M. D.



[Continued from First Page.]

To Christian people who believe in Spiritualism, there is nothing so strange as the indifference of other Christians to it. These Bible miracles to which some foolish people fondly cling for reason of their strangeness, are all as much the creatures of law as are these modern paltry wonders of the dollar science. But behind the vulgarity of the science is the majesty of an eternal fact, and it comes from the quarter whence all such facts have ever come, and it bears a likeness, hints of a kinship, with the grandest things ever done in Galilee or Jerusalem. These modern Christians, we may, do not care to see. Have they not the wit to discover what a conquering weapon is here against the host of atheism and denial? It is certainly interesting that at this very moment, when the world is on the point of going over, not only to belief, but some understanding of the method and laws where the two worlds come in contact—this and the world to come—that at that very moment there should be a more vigorous and rampant materialism asserted everywhere than perhaps the world has ever seen. So it is the darkest just before the dawn. We have the most settled conviction of the nearness of the day when the focus of interest and light to bear upon the facts of Spiritualism will produce a magical change in the thinking world. For the delight at the discovery that science can throw her net over those abiding and volatile visitors will be so great that she will make of this her Benjamin and latest born. That force and that law may then be called electric or angelic, but science will have made it her own.

We particularly invite the reader's attention to the poetic and picturesque narration of Mr. Bach and his spirit. God grant that this new thing called Spiritualism, which, if it be true, must be of God, may do something to lead us all upward to the light. This is the purpose of the article in the January number of *Old and New*. It is certainly a significant finger pointing toward the way of progress, and must be accepted as a graceful tribute to Mr. Owen, and a blow on the opening wedge that is to sunder religion and superstition.

#### MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN SEEKING IN SPIRITISM THE CONSOLATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM

It was announced in a Boston paper recently that Mrs. Lincoln, the widow of our martyred president, had visited Boston incognito and had called on some well known mediums and obtained most positive evidence of the presence of her beloved spirit friends, both husband and children, that they had penetrated her disguise and announced through the medium her real name, giving her most satisfactory and most welcome proofs of their continued love and interest and of their power to penetrate the veil of sense and speak their messages of consolation and hope.

Several of the secular and religious journals denied this story as a canard. But the evidence of its truth has been too much for them. After her identity had been made known by the spirits, Mrs. Lincoln threw off her disguise. Previously however she visited the well known spirit photographer, W. H. Mumler, whom we will let tell his own story in the following article taken from the columns of the Boston Herald.

#### SPIRITUALISM PROVED TRUE. MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN SEES HER SPIRIT FRIENDS.

We have received from Mr. W. H. Mumler, "spiritual photo-grapher," of this city, a carte de visite likeness, which is quite comely described in the letter accompanying the photograph, from which we make the following extract:

You will see that the "ghost-like image" standing behind the lady after her death was in front, one arm being curiously raised to her head, as if feeling, and the other hand resting on her forehead, in a most natural manner. To the right is another "ghost-like image" of a boy, which in the year is yet another undoubted form. The lady after her death, for the purpose of having this picture taken, some two weeks since, closely veiled, so much so that it was impossible to tell if she was black or white. The veil was not removed until the plate was prepared, and not then, until she had picked up her veil, and then, she came down, her eyes covered the veil, and the picture was taken with the result before you. The lady gave the name as Mrs. Tyndal, which was recorded on the engagement book. Subsequent research have proved the lady to be Mrs. Lincoln, widow of our late President. Who the "ghost-like image" looks like, I leave you to judge and draw your own conclusion. Suffice it to say, the lady fully recognized the picture.

Most respectfully,  
W. H. MUMLER.

The resemblance of the principal shadowy image upon the plate to the martyred President is certainly unmistakable. The other developed shadowy figure is less distinct, but that of a tall, handsome boy who might be—Ted.

## The Present Age.

A Weekly Journal.  
Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reform,  
Public Literature and General Intelligence.

COL. D. M. FOX, - - EDITOR.

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DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, E. S. WHEELER.

W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

All Communications pertaining to the Editorial and Business Departments, should be addressed to:  
COL. D. M. FOX,  
264 Western Avenue, Chicago.

### DUTY.

REWRITTEN BY FRANK.

Duty, I willing stand;  
Take thou my willing hand;  
I bow to thy command.  
Hope.

Joy.

Life, and all  
That made earth sweet and dear,  
All that has blessed me here,  
I yield without a tear.

Take thou life's busy crown;  
Grief weighs my spirit down;  
Now let the cold world frown.  
Sorrow.

Frials.

Woe may fall  
Over my cold, dead heart;  
Vain is the skill and art,  
Harmless each poisoned dart.

By deepest, sharpest pain,  
Fate rent my heart in twain;  
It can never grieve again.  
Time.

Strength.

Life, I give  
To right the wrongs I see,  
And aid humanity  
To obtain true liberty.

### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

REVIEW OF A SERMON BY BISHOP QUINTARD,  
CALVARY CHURCH, MEMPHIS, TENN.,  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1872.

We send you lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: Ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.—*Luke*, xi, 52.

Yes, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?—*Luke*, xii, 57.

It is one of the happy omens of the present, that science once and for so long persecuted and suppressed by ecclesiasticism and baptized superstition under the name of Christianity, has forced a recognition of itself, and now extorts the reluctant toleration of all but the most fossilized churches. The discourse it is my privilege to call your attention to, is an able effort by a learned and distinguished churchman to coerce science into conformity with his creed; or failing in that, to disparage the authority of positive knowledge, while maintaining the assumptive dogmatism of his orthodox theology. I am compelled to make my observations upon such an idea of the reverend gentleman's statement and argument as I can gather from a synoptical report of his utterances as prepared for the columns of the daily press; but as I find the report approved as correct by those who heard it, and as I find in it the most learned and liberal treatment of the subject possible from a churchman point of view, I am convinced the report is in general a just one, and so accept it, as the basis of that which I have to say at this time. Should there have been, however, misquotation in detail, I hope I may be excused in the matter, and merely affirm the report is true to the thought of the most progressive Christians, and that my criticisms hold good in every part, against the faith and practice of all who assume the Bible to be plenary inspired, literally true, and of more authority than the demonstrations of mathematics.

Define your terms, define your terms, gentlemen, and I will tell you what I am, once declared the infidel philosopher, Voltaire. Had Bishop Quintard been more explicit in this particular, we should have been able to come more directly and surely at his full meaning. "Science," he tells me, "is but the record of phenomena \* \* \* the imperfect record of an imperfect experience." Religion he takes no trouble to explain as a term, but expatiates upon the Bible, and presents to our view the "Holy Eucharist" and "the laver of baptism." Indeed his discourse, instead of being entitled "Science and Religion," should be headed "Science, the Infallible Bible, and Infallible Episcopal Church." Science is in truth something more than a record of phenomena; it is an exegesis, or

statement of the relations of facts and evolutions, to phenomena and developments. It is the demonstration of method in the universe, the index of law; the exponent of principle; the basis of philosophy. All this is comprehended, or supplemented, and complements it in such a way as to be inseparable from it. The mere word-worshiper may object, but all we have suggested is involved in the nature and actual development of science.

The religion of Bishop Quintard is the creed of the Episcopal Church, and includes a reverential belief in the Bible (King James version) as the word of God, in an infallible sense, by literal inspiration. It confesses that Jesus was the son of God by the Virgin Mary; that he is the "vicarious atonement" for the human race; that God is not only personal, but tri-personal; that there is an infinite unitarian devil; with hell and damnation eternally for the most of man and womanhood; unless saved by the "grace which comes to us in the sacraments of the Holy Eucharist and in the laver of Baptism." That science does, or can ever endorse this jumble of Paganism and Paul's dogmatism, is impossible. If we define religion simply as "the perception of Divine truth, goodness and beauty, with an appreciation of our relationship thereto, and the logically consequent morality," we shall have conserved all there is of value in the various creeds, and can command science as the very high priest in the temple of a natural and positive religion.

But, says the worthy bishop, "most of the objections offered to religion" (in the orthodox Episcopal creed) "are on the ground of its incomprehensibility." Not so! The difficulty is, it is understood too well, comprehended too thoroughly, and the objection made by men of science is that the creeds are demonstrably false and evidently absurd, in flat opposition to the known facts of nature, and the laws of universal development. Aware of this, they wisely scout the dogmatism of orthodox theology, as an impertinent insult to reason, an outrage upon good sense. There is no such relation, as the bishop seeks to teach, between the inconsistencies and unreasonable conceits of his creed, and the as yet undiscovered things of nature. "There is mystery on all sides of us," says he. "There is no mystery but ignorance," declares A. J. Davis. The difference between science and popular theology is this: Theologians form theories which, ample as their own pride and egotism, cover the whole domain of their ignorance. For their speculations they demand reverence and compel adherence, upon penalty of eternal fire; they repudiate the very idea of progress in divine knowledge, and fasten upon nineteenth century civilization, the ignorance of savages and the dreams of barbarism.

With scientists, on the contrary, progress is recognized, and the "suspense of judgment" is favored, as a proper state of mind. They may form a hypothesis, often do so in fact, but hold it subject to revision or rejection upon the evidence of facts. They have no inquisition like the Jesuits; they do not burn opponents at the stake like John Calvin, or revenge disbelief by social persecution, as the churches are in the habit of doing. But, says Bishop Quintard, "religion" (orthodox theology) "could not be discovered, it was of necessity revealed. Man is higher than nature." The bishop means by the term nature, that which is unspiritual merely. I am inclined to give the word broader significance, not recognizing the dualism he affirms, though confessing the Infinite Spirit. Man is above material and external nature, it is true, and yet "there is mystery on all sides of us" not comprehended by science, "seen, but not seen into," as we are instructed. Then there is the same need, and the same possibility of a "revelation" in science there is in religion; and if there be that need, there is in human nature a capacity to receive both. As a Spiritualist I affirm it to be so, and for a moment agree with the bishop. But he puts forward the Bible at once, as an infallible, all-sufficient and final reve-

lation in religion. At this I demur, knowing revelation must be continuous, and ever progressive, growing divine just as receptivity is developed in the seers and mediums of every age. The Hebrew Bible and even the New Testament, replete with heavenly truth as both are, bear the same relation to the intuitions and Spiritual Philosophy of this age as the ass that Baalam or Jesus rode upon, bears to a first-class locomotive.

Bishop Quintard tells us truthfully and beautifully, "Science will flourish in exact proportion as it is religious, and religion will prosper in proportion as it rests upon a true scientific basis." We imagine he had forgotten his creed, and was speaking from the basis of our definition of religion. Still before this he objects to "religious men who keep mixing up science with religion, as if religion depended upon science, or needed to draw any light therefrom." In this instance religion must mean the dogmas of the infallibility of the Bible, as he proceeds at once to defend that book against the sciences of geology, asserting, "the Bible never really gives us any scientific knowledge, in a scientific way. The first chapter of Genesis does not tell us how the earth was formed absolutely." "Geology will tell us after a time." The bishop tells us "the certainties of science must be compared with the certainties of revelation." Well, I suppose all revelation is certain to his mind, and Genesis is a part of it. Now compare the certainties of mathematics, of chemistry, of astronomy, and geology, with the first of the Bible, and what do you find? No wonder an Episcopalian bishop tells us, "the Bible never really gives us any scientific knowledge." "Genesis does not tell us how the earth was formed." But Genesis assumes to do so nevertheless, and what else can be made of the first chapter, I am at a loss to tell. It says "God created the heavens and the earth." Will geology ever tell us how that creation was done? Surely not. Will geology ever tell us how God made the light? how he made grass, herbs, and trees grow and go to seed, before there were any sun, moon or stars? Can chemistry explain the matter? And what has astronomy to say to the stars being made "to give light with the sun and moon upon the earth," light having already been several days abundant? Mathematics tells us that upon Biblical data, the earth is only about six thousand years old; but this has become so evidently absurd, that all intelligent theologians now assume that the days of Genesis were in fact so many indefinite ages or periods, thousands or tens of thousands of years mayhap. But to think of the light illuminating the earth three or ten thousand years before the sun! To think of grass growing, flowers blooming, fruit ripening, thousands or tens of thousands of years without sunshine, moonshine, or starlight! To think of the sun, made at last to divide a day and night which had been separated already for two indefinite ages. And then to think it has never done it after all, but that day and night chronicle only the revolutions of the earth. To think— but, my dear friend, thinking is just what you must not do, if this "revelation" is to hold you to a belief in its infallibility for an hour!

"Geology is a young science," says our bishop. Yes, but vigorous. It was not the fault of men of his sort that it was born. They did all they could to make it abortive, but it is in the world, and already the stripping has sent a shower of fossils crashing through the impudent forehead of a base theology. The old giant reels, and men like Bishop Quintard are nervously anticipating the moment of its downfall. Orthodox theology and the Bible are fixed; if science will not come to them, they cannot follow the advance of progressive science; science has already demonstrated their untruth, and whatever the future may unfold, it cannot unsettle the laws of nature, of which we know enough now to say the story of Genesis is as absurd as the theology of the church is grotesquely horrible. Because some flies have one hundred and forty-eight eyes, we need not infer that the

third part of God was killed to appease the other two shares. God can and does, in a normal, natural way, care for bug and bird, and for every human soul as well; but this does not involve the need of the rigmarole of the Roman Church, or of the intellectual dericks John Calvin invented to hoist us into hell with. We must do just what Bishop Quintard tells us not to; "we must run after what we don't know." Our senses are our scientific teachers, and our intuitions lead us to religion. Every step of progress, is at once a discovery and a revelation. Science will demolish every "refuge of lies," even if steeples tumble. We must not "cling to faith" against evidence, but be faithful to our instincts, our senses, and the light of truth. So shall the religion of fact and the fact of religion become manifest in a universal, scientific Spiritualism.

### Editorial Notes.

We have on our table this week the first number of volume thirty-one of the *Banner of Light*. Every true Spiritualist must rejoice to know that we have at least one publication placed on a self-sustaining and paying basis. We rejoice in the manifest prosperity of our worthy contemporary with its well earned reputation. May the *Banner* continue to wave over all lands, until its light shall penetrate all the dark places of earth, until religious bigotry, superstition and intolerance shall be compelled to loose their strong hold on our common humanity, and a genuine Spiritualism shall everywhere pervade the hearts of men, and governments shall be based on the principles of a universal brotherhood. The *Banner of Light* is now offering as a premium to all its subscribers who send \$3, a card photograph entitled "The Spirit Bride." While we earnestly labor to make the *Banner* as worthy of the cause it advocates, and hope to secure for it a much wider circulation, our next desire is to see other spiritual publications if worthy of success, secure it. In the case of the *Banner of Light*, the *if* is superfluous. It has for fifteen years been doing a mighty work: the strongholds of error have felt its power, and before its light the darkness of the tomb has been dispelled and a knowledge of continued life verified. We will let the *Banner* speak for itself in the following, from the issue before us: VOLUME THIRTY-ONE.

Fifteen years have elapsed since we sent out to a skeptical world the first number of the *Banner of Light*. What mighty changes in theological beliefs all over the globe have occurred since then! At that time we were ostracized by seven-eighths of the community, persecuted in various ways, and our motives impugned by many good people who—instead of ourselves—saw through a glass darkly, but with aid from the higher life, which we fully acknowledge with the deepest gratitude, we from year to year surmounted all obstacles—though their number was legion—and today we are blessed with the knowledge that the mighty truths we have sent out to the world of mind have borne ample fruit, for Spiritualism has become a fixed fact. Therefore we have great reason to rejoice that the efforts we have put forth in behalf of truth have been, in so great a degree, crowned with success. There is opening up, in the immediate future, a larger field of operations, wherein Spiritualists will be called to labor; all the great reform subjects demand our attention and cooperation, to the end that humanity may in time rise out of its present degraded condition and stand upon a more spiritual plane, and to that end our efforts will be untiringly directed.

We are happy to state to tens of thousands of readers that the *Banner* is established on a firm basis; but, notwithstanding we urgently appeal to all our friends to continue to exert themselves in our behalf. More than ever a paper like ours should circulate in every household of the land. Those who would avail themselves, therefore, of an established organ of the broadest liberalism and of regular spirit intercourse, may subscribe to the *Banner* with a perfect certainty that they are working with high spirit power, not merely for their own personal exaltation and advancement, but for the building up and spreading wider and wider of the noble cause of Spiritualism.

With this brief review, we open Volume Thirty-one of the *Banner of Light*.

The *American Spiritualist*, from which Mr. Hudson Tuttle recently withdrew, leaving J. M. Peabody as its assistant editor Geo. A. Bacon of Boston, Mass. The more the influence of Mr. Bacon is felt in the

paper, the more rapid will be the improvement. He is an industrious and careful writer, who without any pretense, does some terse and useful work. He is also a critic in literary matters. His philosophic and spiritual knowledge, his compilations are consequently valuable. In his own locality, he is recognized as an earnest Spiritualist and reformer, and often has been honored by official responsibilities in various organizations of the Liberalists and Spiritualists. In his own home, many of the mediums and spiritists have found a hospitable place of rest and recuperation, for which their thanks are due to both Mr. Bacon and his unobtrusive wife. His friend assumed editorial duties, his friend will benefit the cause of Spiritualism and do honor to himself. It is to be hoped his sense of the need of courtesy, fairness, and unanimity, may operate to remove some abuses in Spiritualistic journalism, manifested by some to whom competition is a crime, and any success but their own, the unforgivable sin. That jealousy and envy may never characterize our movement, in any particular, is most desirable, and Mr. Bacon or any other able speaker or medium, will be welcome to public life, just in proportion as they find it in their nature to assist for themselves, and discourage in others, a course marked by actions biased by unworthy passions. But whatever course any one may take, our efforts still should be "with charity for all, and malice towards none," for the right, as God gives us to see the right.

The Young People's Association of Memphis, Tenn., recently reorganized with Bro. Wm. Butts as president, and Sister Mary J. Holmes as corresponding secretary. The other officers are filled by competent and earnest persons. Lectures have been kept up all winter, the season being prolonged one month because of the success of the lectures of E. S. Wheeler who is now speaking there. It is under discussion to continue still longer than engagements have yet been made. Too much cannot be said in praise of the efforts of Bro. Butts in the matter of lectures. J. M. Peabody, Moses Hull, and E. S. Wheeler have been engaged by him, and with the help of Messrs. Fletcher, Slack, Simpson, Hall, and others, not forgetting the ladies, the whole programme has been not only carried out, but added to. Large houses have greeted each speaker; at present, in the Assembly Rooms, a few taken at the door evenings, and yet good houses both as to numbers and character, compliment the speaker. A library and reading room are contemplated by the Y. P. A. and on the eve of March 6th there was a masquerade party in aid of their purpose. Spiritualism is wide spread among all classes in Memphis, some of the best people in the city not hesitating to manifest their faith in their works. There are also a number of mediums, and many remarkable phenomena take place.

In all cases, subscribers, in remitting payment for the *Present Age*, will state whether they desire *Woodhall and Clifton's Weekly*. If not specially ordered, it will not be sent.

### Personal.

Prof. E. Whittle has made an engagement to deliver a course of scientific lectures in Waukegan, Ill., either the first or second week of April. We are confident this will be very gratifying news to the many readers of the *Present Age* who have heard the professor and have read the interesting scientific articles from his pen which weekly appear in our columns. His lectures will include a part, perhaps all, of the following subjects:

The Primeval World. Origin and Destiny of Worlds. Life of the Ancient Earth. Origin of Species. Origin of Man. Physical Changes of the Globe. Origin of Life. Illustrations of Universal Progress. Antiquity and Destiny of the Races. The Future of America. These lectures are illustrated with fine *Oil Paintings*, covering several hundred square feet of canvas, presenting sections of the earth's crust, with the order and arrangement of strata, and



## Corresponding Editor.

W. F. JAMIESON.

HOW HESEET PROCEEDED IN AUGUSTA, MICH.

"What?" exclaimed friends at Kalamazoo, "going to give a course of lectures in August?"

"Why not?" I asked.

"Who is there in that place to take an interest in Spiritualism?"

"No one in the place that I am aware of, but there are Bros. Hoag and Kirby and their families, who reside about two miles from the village. They have engaged me to give a course of lectures in August, have hired the hall, published notices, and everything is in readiness for a fair beginning to-morrow night." (Monday, Feb. 19.)

Knowing that wife enjoys travel I telegraphed her to meet me at Augusta, west of Albion, thirty-four miles by railroad. Shook hands with my friend Dr. Farnsworth, who spent on his home, East Saginaw. I might have "hinted" to the doctor, notwithstanding he is good-looking, that I would have a traveling companion a "handsome" person than he.

Monday evening delivered a temperance lecture to a small audience. Elder Day, a Methodist minister, presided as chairman. The temperance cause flourishes in Augusta, which may be one reason for the slim attendance. To Elder Day belongs the chief credit of stopping the vending of intoxicating liquors. This temperance question is one of the "side issues" about which some of our Spiritualist brethren, and one or two sisters, feel so sensitive. Spiritualism without "side issues" is like a pine tree stripped of its branches.

Elder Day was present nearly every evening, a "child taking notes." He asked many questions, and was the best natured Methodist person I ever met. Of course, the Elder felt slightly disturbed at some of my expressions, which were set down, I believe, as "bald atheism." He made several spasmodic attempts to explain the meaning of Old and New Testament scripture. In that line ministers have poor luck when infidels are present. They are more successful when they can do the talking for both sides. As an illustration of the Elder's "explanations" I will give the gist of our conversation in regard to the statement which I made in the lecture, that Jesus Christ did not believe in marriage.

Elder Day. You said that Jesus Christ did not believe in marriage. Will you please give me chapter and verse for that?

JAMIESON. Yes, sir, with pleasure. Luke, xiv, 34, 35. "The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage. But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that which is to come, neither marry, nor are given in marriage."

Elder. Do you think your statement that Christ did not believe in marriage, was an honest one?

J. If I did not aim to be honest I never would give the people an opportunity, as I always do, to criticize my statements.

Elder. Why, then, did you not read the connections. The context would throw a different light upon it.

J. Because it was not necessary to read any more of the context than I quoted. I wish to say, decidedly, that I would seem to quote any author with a view to do him injustice. I discover that you, clergymen, whenever your own Bible is against your theory, make the book fit the theory, and strive to escape by crying "context!" Do you read the whole Bible when you quote a part of it?

Elder. The context shows that Jesus was talking about the resurrection. He was addressing the Sadducees who denied the resurrection. It was in the resurrection that Christ said they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. Christ taught that marriage is a divinely appointed institution. He said, "From the beginning of the creation, God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife. And they twain shall be one flesh." To be fair you must compare Bible with Bible.

J. My friend has forgotten his context this time! Jesus was talking to Pharisees, not to Sadducees. He was merely stating a fact, that for a certain cause a man will leave father and mother and marry a wife. What is the cause? Jesus answers, because they were created male and female. Jesus said to his disciples to do not after the works of the Scribes and Pharisees. They married. Jesus did not marry. They were the children of this world. Jesus and his followers believed themselves worthy to obtain that world, and did not marry, and those disciples who had wives forsook them at the command of their master.

Elder. It was of the resurrection that Christ was speaking when he said there should be no marrying. He believed in marriage on earth.

J. Will my friend, for the sake of truth, permit me to ask him a few questions?

Elder. Yes, sir.

J. Is there any marrying in Heaven?

Elder. The Bible says there is not.

J. Where were those whom Jesus said "neither marry nor are given in marriage?" Were they in this world, or the other?

Elder. In the other.

J. Then, if they do not marry in the next life, will be accounted worthy to obtain what? "That world," says your book. But you say they are there already!

Elder. But they are not resurrected yet. Those who will be worthy will be raised.

J. Will all be resurrected?

Elder. Some will be.

J. Some? Who are those that will not be?

Elder. Some will be.

J. Some? Who are those that will not be?

Elder. The wicked will not be worthy. J. Where were those wicked that Jesus said would not be worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead? On earth or in the other world?

Elder. In the other world.

J. Were the "children of this world" in that world?

Elder. The wicked were there.

J. You mean by the "wicked" the children of this world.

Elder. Yes, the wicked.

J. Well, as there is no marrying at all in the other world "the children of this world" cannot marry over there. Hence you will have them all resurrected! For Jesus Christ is represented as saying, "they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, [which you say they have already obtained,] and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage." But what becomes of this context—"The children of this world marry and are given in marriage." Where do they do their marrying? Why cannot it do it in the other world, now where do they marry? No answer. It is plain to be seen that the marrying referred to by Jesus Christ was on earth. It may not be a comfortable thought to you married Christians to be reminded that according to Jesus on the marriage question you have lost heaven because you did not remain unmarried bachelors and maidens!

The audience enjoyed the colloquy with keen relish. The person himself several times joined with the merriment of the people.

W. F. J.

For the PRESENT AGE.

ROBERT COLLYER IN POSTON.

Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, spoke at Music Hall, Sunday morning and evening Feb. 25th. On both occasions the hall was crowded, hundreds being unable to get standing room within hearing distance. His text for the morning was from first epistle to the Romans, twelfth chapter, fourth and fifth verses. "For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." Referring to a contest which had taken place about two years ago between different religious denominations in Chicago, he thought then, and had come to believe since that true religion was more likely to be found outside the church than inside, and that he who got most of that divine essence which characterized the life of Jesus Christ, was the so called "Liberal Christian." Each sect believes theirs the only true path to heaven; no other would do, and they who did not take that particular path were doomed to certain destruction. All denominations, in his opinion, were working for one great aim, though by different roads, and all doing their utmost to live up to their standard—Christ. As they formed into the long line before the gates of heaven, all would be equal; there would be neither Roman Catholics, Unitarian or Calvinist; all would be members of the church of Christ.

The evening discourse was on "Hopefulness," from Hebrews sixth chapter, nineteenth verse, and in substance as follows: "We should gather or from the past, faith for the future: for hope is the anchor of the soul, an instant like love, justice, and truth. It is in the soul as the power for music is in the organ, only waiting for a master hand to touch it in the major or the minor, to bring forth the flood of harmony. Some there are who hope into the infinite depths of heaven; others only so far as their mortal vision extends. Those to whom hope is uncertain, and indifferent unless in connection with the rise and fall of stocks or estate, count as little less than fools those who go higher. Real hope is founded on material and spiritual things. Hope dies in demonstration, as spring in summer, or life in immortality. Because the faculty is there, hope spans the distance between the wish to be and the doing, and is a proof that somewhere that we hope for is awaiting us, and as love demands love, so shall we find it. The narrowing of hope signifies the decay of faith. There can be no final failure where there is good hope in the projector. Men at twenty-five are like a farmer at the West, who surveying the wide expanse before him, looking into the future dimly, sees the prospect of grand results. Hope throws a bridge across, to the day when he shall see the fruition of his dreams. Coming back to the present, he feels stronger determination in his soul to push onward to the goal; with hope for his beacon he cannot fail. Nature's laws are

cultivated in patches; even the shadows are tended. It takes time in a wild nature; instantaneous conversion is impossible. When you cease to hope you cease to try.

Further, the speaker declared that if knowledge could take hold from his soul, he would rather hear a Sunday School class sing "Shining Shore," than read all the books on science and philosophy that could be stored in Music Hall. He gave a little sketch of his life from the time when a little boy in Yorkshire, he was grasping and reading every book he could obtain, of the struggle with poverty and the wretchedness of his life, when no ray of hope entered the darkened chamber of his soul. As he grew to manhood a pure hope touched him with its benediction, shining over and in him, till to-day he stands in the sweet home of the liberal Christian, in the broad and glorious sunlight of hope and truth whose radiance fills heaven and earth. Cherish a great hope; live and die right. If the dark ones meet you as you cross the river, and say there is nothing beyond, flash your banner in their faces, tell them to read that word "hope;" they will fall back before you and the bright ones will come and lead you through the gates.

MARION.

Boston, Feb. 25th.

For the PRESENT AGE.

MY FIFTY YEARS RECORD.

BY A REVIVAL MINISTER.

Last evening, while listening to an excellent lecture by an ex-Methodist minister, (William Denton), on "The Good Day Coming," I was led into a train of reminiscences, some of which I will now relate. From how very large a number of the ministers and members of this church has the mystic rap of modern times melted off the chains of Methodism! Their name is legion. There is Loveland, Sprague, Denton, Todd, Stoddard, and hundreds of others; and, to these ministers should be added the thousands of members from that church, who, like my friend Col. Fox, were good Methodists, and, if not actual ministers then, they have certainly become such in a better sense in the new order of things inaugurated by the progressive tendencies of the present age. And here let me now refer to one of this number (Mrs. Tamin, of Auburn, N. Y.), whose name is immortal in my memory. It was in her house in 1850 that I heard music, such as I would love to hear when I die. There was only one other person present, (Miss Mary Bennett, afterwards Mrs. Barron, now dead). There were no musical instruments, and the music was not made by any human being. The sound resembled an organ harp, was repeated over and over again for the space of five minutes, and the tune (Martyr) one often sung in the revivals that had followed my preaching in former years. The last I heard of this good woman was that in consequence of her mediocrity, she had become an object of bitter persecution by the church; and this, too, by a church, the entire motive power of which is faith in the reported mediocrity of ancient times! Methodism is faith in the mediocrity of David who was an adulterer and a murderer, even dying with murder in his heart; and, Methodist ministers at the present day, as they always did, rely upon the mediocrity of an ancient polygamist who had "seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines." This was somewhat in advance of the polygamy now prevalent among the Mormons. And yet, Methodism is deeply opposed to modern mediocrity; and, not without a cause, as modern mediocrity has decimated the ranks of Methodism, and made more "converts" in the space of twenty years than the Wesleyans have made in the course of a century. The truth is, modern mediocrity fights Methodism with its own weapons, and it is not to be wondered at, that the church is "shaking in its shoes," in view of the issue now entered between their mediocrity and the mystic rap of the present age.

It was in 1822 that I first donned the shad-bellied coat peculiar to the garb of Wesleyans of that day. That

sectarian garment I wore until 1840, and, perhaps, I might have continued it until this day, had the church only made a "bishop" of me, or a D. D., as Dr. Nathan Bangs said they would have done but for my having been an abolitionist. This dabbling a brother sectarian as a D. D. has a powerful influence in shaping his course in after life. I could, if necessary, refer to a number whom the church has since flattered with a D. D. who, when I knew them thirty or forty years ago, were not considered very brilliant, or of much promise in respect to intellectual attainments.

But this avowal respecting myself was made by Dr. Bangs in 1836, to the "N. E. Conference" at Springfield, Mass., during my trial before that body on a "charge" for "slander, or misrepresentation," preferred against me by Dr. E. The charge was based on matter that had appeared in my paper, *Zion's Watchman*, against slavery, and this was the first of the six ecclesiastical trials which the M. E. Church waged against me up to 1840, for having originated that movement against human bondage which finally brought the M. E. Church to its present position on this subject of slavery. That little word "or," in that indictment, is characteristic of the six long and vexatious trials to which I was subjected by the dignitaries of this sect. Slander, or something else! I would prefer a dozen legal trials by a jury to one ecclesiastical trial before a body of two hundred and fifty Methodist preachers. However, I do not now complain of these trials. The best thing this church has ever done for me I have realized from its persecutions. Their object was to get me out of the church, and to accomplish this object they altered their discipline to suit my case. The presiding elders, the bishops, the book agents, and official editors brought charges against me for "slandering" the slave-holding brethren or, something else. And this bitter warfare was carried on against me for a series of years, while this sect now prides itself on having an abolition church, and boasts of this position before the whole world.

Nor is this all, for, to this same abolitionist, this same M. E. Church is indebted for the position it now maintains in behalf of ministerial education. And it may here be referred to as a singular fact, that there are, now, ministers in this church who have been born since this educational movement was inaugurated in 1833 and who owe all they can boast of in respect to a theological education to this same Lary Sunderland, whom they can now denounce as an "apostate" bound straight to that hell which their sort of mediocrity has "prepared for the devil and his angels." More of this in my next paper.

QUINCY, MASS., March 4th, 1872.

## OBITUARY.

On Feb. 13th, at Putneyville, N. Y., Hon. Samuel C. Cuyler passed from earth to the celestial spheres.

The community deeply mourns the loss of this earnest worker for humanity. He identified himself with the pure and the good, engaging in nearly every work of reform. He was singularly successful in pushing forward any reform and still maintaining the friendship and esteem of all who knew him. The anti-slavery movement found in him a hearty supporter. He engaged in politics for the furtherance of the cause, and was elected to the N. Y. state legislature as an anti-slavery candidate. The temperance movement long claimed his earnest exertions, and he united his efforts at every opportunity for the suppression of the rum traffic, not even ceasing his exertions on account of declining years and ill health.

About fifteen years ago Bro. Cuyler was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. He was a powerful instrument in bringing before the people the true principles of its philosophy, and in sweeping away the prejudice against its truths.

The funeral services were conducted by Geo. W. Taylor of Erie Co., N. Y., who delivered a touching address, demonstrating the satisfaction and beauty of a belief in Spiritualism. The lodge of Good Templars turned out to pay homage to the remains of this good brother; and in behalf of the order, Lewis H. Clark delivered some feeling remarks. Appropriate and beautiful music was furnished by the choir. Thus this noble worker has gone to labor in other fields. We deeply mourn his absence from our midst, but sincerely believe he is still laboring for the principles he so loved while here. F. J. GARRETT.

## The Present Age.

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## The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

## A VISION.

There had been been a Methodist clergyman, who had been an effort to pass an anti-slavery bill at one of the Eastern Annual conferences.

At midnight, when others sleep,  
Near hell I took my station,  
And from that dungeon, dark and deep,  
I heard this conversation:  
"Oh, Prince of Darkness, ever hail,  
Adored by each infernal  
Crew among your gang to wait,  
And taste of death eternal."

Where are you from? the fiend demands,  
What makes you look so frantic?  
You are from Carolina's strand,  
Just west of the Atlantic?  
You are that man of blood and birth,  
Devil of human feeling?  
The man I saw, when last on earth,  
In human cattle dealing?

Who sold with blood and rapine stain'd,  
With deeds of crime to dark it;  
Who drove God's image, starved and chained,  
To sell like beasts in market?  
Who tore the infant from the breast,  
That you might sell its mother?  
Whose craving mind could never rest  
Till you had sold a brother?

Who gave the sacrament to those  
Whose chains and handcuffs rattle?  
Whose backs soon after felt the blows,  
More heavy than the cattle?  
"I am from the South," the ghost replies,  
And I was there a teacher;  
I saw men in chains, with laughing eyes;  
I was a Southern preacher!

I tassel'd pulpits, gay and fine,  
I drove to please the tyrants,  
To prove that slavery was divine,  
And what the scripture warrants.  
When I saw the horrid sight,  
Of slaves by tortures dying,  
And told the masters all was right,  
I knew that I was lying.

I knew all this, and who can doubt  
I felt a sad misgiving?  
I tell, I knew, if I spoke out,  
I should lose my living.  
They made me fat, they paid me well  
To preach down abolition.  
I died—I woke in hell,  
How altered my condition!

I now am in a sea of fire,  
Those fury ever rages;  
I am a slave, and can't get free,  
Through everlasting ages.  
When the sun and moon shall fade,  
And the fire rocks dis sever,  
I must sink down beneath the shade,  
And feel God's wrath forever."

I heard slow trembling all the while  
I saw the scene transpiring;  
I felt soul aghast and visage sad,  
All hope was now retiring.  
The demon cried, on vengeance bent,  
"I say, in haste, retire!  
And you shall have a negro sent  
To attend and punch the fire."

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

We do not often write for our young readers of the HOME CIRCLE, so frequently as we would like, but we command the time. But now the impulse comes to have a friendly chat with them, while opportunity offers, because of the non-appearance of the usual weekly chapter of "Little Philosophers," in which we find many of our older readers as well as the children, are becoming interested. One grey-haired gentleman, only an hour since, made, in our hearing, the remark that the first chapter of the "Little Philosophers" was worth the price of the PRESENT AGE for one year. We regret that its weekly visit should be met with interruption. Probably the deep snows on the long, long road to California, where our good Mrs. Cridge resides, have delayed trains and prevented its timely arrival.

But to come to the subject on which we intended to write. The title of this article is so broad that we could relate a great many incidents that have come to our knowledge during a varied life, that would appropriate illustrations of our subject, and would impress upon the mind the importance of good example to old and young. But such is not our intention at the present time. We propose to introduce our readers to a young friend with whom we became acquainted about three months since. After the great catastrophe that befell Chicago in October last, in which all the printing presses of that fire-doomed city were destroyed, many publishers were compelled to go to other towns to get their papers printed. We selected the best place to print the PRESENT AGE, the city of Waukegan, beautifully situated on the western shore of Lake Michigan, thirty miles from Chicago. Well, it was here that we

became acquainted with Willie B. Porter, the young friend to whom we have alluded. He is but thirteen years of age, yet a warm friendship immediately grew up between us. Willie was attending school in the city, although he lived quite a distance from town. Yet after the school closed for the day, he would frequently call at the office, and seeing the compositors busy at their work setting type, he asked the privilege of trying to set a word, next a line, and finally a full sentence. Noticing his aptness, and pleased with his gentle manners, we encouraged him. Saturdays, when there was no school, he would come into the office and spend several hours at his work, seldom taking occasion to ask questions, and the result is that Willie is now, after only three months time, quite a good compositor.

Last week while perusing an old file of papers, Willie found a poem which pleased him so well that he copied and brought it to us for publication. After reading his well-written manuscript, we were also pleased, and accepted his selection for publication. We then suggested to Willie that he should set it, and now we ask our young friends to read it as found at the head of this article. And we want them to remember that Willie has acquired this proficiency in so short a time while attending to his studies in school and his duties at home. Here is, we think, "a good example." Willie has almost learned a good trade and is doing just what we think all boys and girls ought to do—that is, educate the body to labor at the same time they educate the mind.

Labor is honorable, and he or she only is truly honorable who does labor. Some of the ministers in the churches tell you that man is compelled to labor in consequence of a curse God pronounced upon him. Young reader, this is not true and like many other things taught by false religious teachers is a pernicious error. Labor is a blessing to humanity, and we hope, yea, we know the day is not distant when men and women who are not engaged in some useful employment will be regarded as *drones* in society. We said men and women, but we meant boys and girls as well. While young, the process of educating the mind for mental and the body for physical labor should begin, and hence we have presented the case of Willie Porter as an example worthy of imitation. We ought, perhaps to say that, in these ideas his father and mother agree with us, and thus having encouragement at home, we think the world will hear by and by, in a way that shall benefit it, of Willie B. Porter.

It is to aid in the proper education of the young that we devote this part of our paper to the HOME CIRCLE. We by no means discourage children's papers, but we think old and young may be educated together, and that feature in our Children's Progressive Lyceums constitutes their chief beauty, their greatest benefit. The poem selected and set by Willie, vividly portrays the terrible wrongs of American slavery, now among the things that were. Years hence, when the readers of the PRESENT AGE who are now young, shall have grown gray with age, and chattel slavery is only known in story, they will marvel that such an institution could have existed so long among a people who proclaimed to the world that, "all men were created free and equal." It will ever stand on the page of history as a disgraceful fact that under a government claiming to be republican and the model of earth, men, women, and children were sold like beasts in the shambles. Slavery is gone, but we hope Willie and thousands of the young readers of the PRESENT AGE are, while growing up to manhood and womanhood, learning from our columns, and other sources, to war against evils yet prevalent in our land and which must be overthrown before we can reach that civilization to which we aspire. Among these terrible wrongs to humanity we refer to intemperance, the gallows, and our terribly mismanaged state prisons and asylums.

But we must pause, having chat-

ted much longer with our young readers than we intended. Before we close we will renew our request for their correspondence, for we promise to aid Mrs. Cridge in making this department interesting and instructive to all. We want our young friends, after reading their papers, to hand them to their companions to read, for we think it will do everybody good to read the sayings of the "Little Philosophers."

Ed. AGE.

## OPPORTUNITIES.

BY LILLIAN GILBERT BROWNE.

"What were you talking about, girls?" asked Miss Wade, as she paused by a group of her pupils.

"Alice was wishing she was rich, so she might do lots of good," replied Bessie Desmond; "and I said I wished my father had as much money as old Mr. Wilkins, for if he had I know he would let me have lots to give away to poor people."

"How many of you think," asked Miss Wade, as she took off her bonnet, "that doing good simply means giving money, and clothes, and food to the needy?"

The little girls looked doubtfully at each other, and one after another held up their hands.

"Now, my dear little friends," the teacher went on, "that is only a small part of what doing good means. Very often you can do more good by giving sympathy, consideration and affection, which no money can buy, than by offering all the dollars that ever were coined. It isn't impossible that Bessie, who was envying Mr. Wilkins' wealth just now, may some time be able to do him a favor that all his mere riches could not have gotten for him. What you want, girls, isn't money—though you can do very much with that—but opportunities; and they are very plentiful, if you only know them. Suppose, when you get home this afternoon, Bessie, that your mother wants a spool of thread, and you are absorbed in that new book you were showing me yesterday. If you shut the book and run cheerfully to the nearest store for the thread, you will be doing not only a good deed but a generous one; for you will have sacrificed your own pleasure for the sake of being useful to your mother. Now, children, do you all understand that doing good doesn't merely mean giving money to the poor?"

The girls smiled brightly, and answered in the affirmative.

"Well, then," continued Miss Wade, "this is Friday. Next Friday you shall tell me how many opportunities of doing good you have had during the week. Will you?"

The girls promised, the bell rang, and school came to order.

Bessie Desmond was a bright, light-hearted girl, generally ready to do favors when she happened to think of it; but she was always so full of plans and schemes of her own that the golden opportunities for helping others often slipped away before she heeded them.

When she went home from school that afternoon she determined to be on the watch every minute, lest some chance of pleasing or helping somebody should escape her attention. As she passed under the window of a poor, half-tumble-down house, she heard a thin, querulous voice say: "Oh! how I wish I could have some violets once more! I long to go out into the fields, but I never shall again—never again!" and, after a long, weary sigh, all was silence.

Bessie heard the words distinctly, but she did not think much about them till she had gone some distance. Then she suddenly remembered that in their garden at home was a whole bed of sweet-scented, double English violets. She would run home, get a bunch, and hurry back to that forlorn-looking house, feeling certain that the voice belonged to an invalid. She told her mother what she wanted to do, obtained permission, and with a graceful basket of flowers, set forth on her charitable errand. When she rapped, the same weak voice invited her to enter. She opened the door gently, and, to a young girl who sat in a chair propped up by pillows said:

"As I was going by, miss, I heard you wish for some violets; so I thought I would bring you some from our garden."

"Oh! thank you, thank you," the invalid cried, as her eyes filled with grateful tears. "I must have been thinking aloud, I guess. You see I am all alone here in the day time, and a few flowers are so much company. Sit down a few minutes, please."

Bessie drew a chair near to the sick girl's, and they fell to talking. Bessie told everything about herself which she thought would interest the invalid; for the flowers had been such a pleasant kind of introduction that they seemed to feel intimate right away. In return for Bessie's story, the sick girl said that her mother, who was a widow, was a music-teacher, and had to go out every day to

give lessons in order to earn enough for them to live on in a very meagre way. The invalid's name was Ellen Burt, and she had not always been ill. A few months before she had had a severe attack of typhoid fever, which had left her very weak, and from which she had never seemed to rally.

"I'm not much sick, you see," remarked Bessie's new friend; "only so weak; and I don't get any stronger. The doctors say that if I could go to the mountains for a couple of months that I should get well; but you know we are so poor that that is impossible."

At last Bessie said she must go, but agreed to come in for a little while every day after school. Well pleased with her first opportunity of doing good, she hurried to her mother, told her all about Ellen Burt and Ellen's mother, and made her promise to go and see them.

Bessie's next opportunity was to hold a skein of silk for her mother to wind; and then she hunted up the evening paper for her father.

The next day she found a dozen chances for doing a little act of kindness, besides going to see Ellen, who was anxiously expecting her. Thus it was every day till Friday came. She was a little late in starting for school; so she thought she would take a short cut across the green and by the path that skirted the pond. Just as she came to the edge of the pond, she saw something that made her almost scream. There, on the narrow foot-bridge, was a little golden-haired girl about three years old, whom Bessie at once recognized as Mr. Wilkins' orphan grandchild, whom he loved beyond everything in the world. The little thing had evidently strayed away from home, and was sitting on the bridge with her feet hanging over, laughing at her own reflection in the dimpled water.

Bessie knew not what to do. Nobody was in sight, and she made up her mind that she must rescue the child from its perilous position. Picking her way cautiously along, so as not to make any noise, she finally got close behind the little one. She put her arms round her and tried to lift her up. The child, however, struggled, and wriggled, and kicked, so that Bessie slipped, lost her balance, and they both fell into the water. The pond, fortunately, was rather shallow, and after coming up dripping and spluttering, Bessie regained her footing, and clung to a support of the bridge with one arm, while with the other she still held the rebellious baby. After she discovered that she was a few feet from the bank, Bessie slowly but steadily made her way to the edge of the pond, and deposited her burden on the ground a minute to rest. Then, knowing that she ought to hasten home to get dry clothing for the child—who was now crying with fright—and for herself, she started with her charge. She encountered Mr. Wilkins, who was just setting forth in search of his missing grand-daughter, at his gate; gave the baby into his arms, told her story in a few words, and then ran home. Bessie's parents were very proud of their daughter, when they got over the alarm of seeing her come home dripping wet, and had time to realize how really heroic she had been. Mrs. Desmond rubbed Bessie until she was very warm; put on dry clothes, and made her lie down on the lounge instead of going to school.

In a short time, Mr. Wilkins came in to thank Bessie for her noble act.

"What can I give or do for you," asked the grateful old gentleman, "to show how deeply I feel my indebtedness? You have given to me what all my wealth could not have brought me back, if my dear little grandchild had fallen into the pond, and you not been near."

"Thank you, sir," said Bessie; "I don't want anything." Then after a pause she added: "Yes, I do want one thing very much, but it is such a great favor I don't like to ask it."

"You shall have it, be it what it may," returned Mr. Wilkins, his face beaming with kindness to Bessie.

"I want money enough to send a poor sick girl and her mother to the White Mountains for two months. There, sir, I told you it was a great, big favor."

Then she repeated the story of Ellen Burt and her widowed mother, and Mr. Wilkins gladly gave Bessie a liberal sum for the journey.

The next week was vacation, and Bessie had no chance to tell Miss Wade how she had tried to do good. But every time she saw the little golden-haired child playing in Mr. Wilkins' yard, and especially when Ellen Burt came with her mother from the mountains well, and strong, and happy, she was devoutly thankful that her kind teacher had shown her how to seize every opportunity to do good to others, and in so doing to make herself very happy besides.—*The Methodist.*

It is cheerful to be sitting in a railroad car, going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and have a man pass through the train and put a tract in your lap entitled, "Prepare to Meet Your God."

A TRUE HERO.—A boy about nine years old was bathing, one day, when, by some mischance, he got into deep water and began to sink. His elder brother saw him and ran to save him, but, lacking strength or skill, he also sank to the bottom of the river. As the two drowning brothers rose to the surface for the last time they saw a third brother, the youngest of the family, running down the bank for the purpose of trying to save them. Then it was that the dying nine-year old acted the part of a hero. Struggling as he was with death, he gathered all his strength, and cried to his brother on the shore, "Don't come in, or father will be all his boys at once."

Noble little fellow! Though dying, he forgot himself, and thought only of his father's grief. He was a genuine hero. His brother obeyed his dying command, and was spared to comfort his father when his two dead sons were taken from the river clasped in each other's arms.

Boys, you are not called to be heroes in this way, but you are called to consider the feelings of your parents, and to study how to avoid giving them pain. The best way to do this is to love them dearly. Love will not only keep you from hurting their feelings, but it will make you sources of great joy to their hearts. Blessed are those children whose words and deeds make sweet music in their parents' souls!

The mental faculties or brain will just as surely deteriorate for lack of proper exercise as the arm. The blacksmith's arm is muscular and strong because it is regularly exercised. His brain or the brain of his wife can just as surely be improved by use. For lack of use their intellectual faculties will surely become placid and weak. Therefore regularly read and think, and talk of what you read.

## Pleasantries.

A TEACHER in a school not a hundred miles from Augusta, gave out the word "eucharist" in the spelling exercise, and then asked one of the pupils to give the definition of the word. Fancy the feelings of the teacher when asked, "Doesn't it mean a first-class euchre-player?"

As a stout old lady got out of a crowded omnibus in front of the Astor house the other day, she exclaimed, "Well, that's a relief, anyhow." To which the driver, eyeing her ample proportions, replied, "So the 'esses think, mum."

A LITTLE waif that was picked up in Baxter street the other morning was asked if he had a mother, and replied: "I dunno, but I guess not, for when I ran away this morning the old 'uns was quarrellin', and father had the hatchet."

A LITTLE boy was recently presented with a toy trumpet, to which he became greatly attached. One night when he was about to be put in his "little bed," and was ready to say his prayers, he handed the trumpet to his grandmother, saying, "Here, gran'ma, you blow while I pray!"

A LITTLE boy in Chelsea astonished his mother the other evening by a rather abrupt flight from grave to gay. Finishing his nightly prayer with, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep," he, with a sudden change of tone and manner, proceeded, "For I'm Captain Jinks of the horse-rimmes!"

A good joke is told of a grocer in Troy. One of the ministers of the place was having a donation party the other evening, when Mr., ambitions to appear liberal, marked a four dollar ester up to twelve dollars, and took it in as his donation, getting much credit for his liberality. The next day the minister called at the store with his twelve dollar ester, stating that as they could not afford so expensive an article, he would be pleased to exchange it for its marked value in other goods. The Minister was soon seen wending his way homeward, loaded down with a dozen dollars' worth of selected groceries.

People have sometimes expressed their natural affections in odd forms of words. Old Burt, a good enough citizen, had long supported and taken care of a hopeless invalid wife, with the sternest dutifulness which belongs to some phases of the New England character, and without the least indication of any weariness, when one day he let fall a phrase which no doubt he did not intend in any such sense, but which was susceptible of being so interpreted. His minister met him, and asked after Mrs. Burt's health.

"Poorly, thank ye," said the old man resignedly.

"I'm sorry," observed the clergyman, in a sympathizing tone; "Mrs. Burt has a heavy burden to bear."

"Yes, she does; that's so," acquiesced the old farmer. "She's laid there flat on her back this seven year. Seems sometimes as if I should git altogether worn out. I do wish she'd git well—or sulkin'."

## Temperance.

## THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

Out in the street, with naked feet,  
I saw the drunkard's daughter;  
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;  
She little cared, for no one taught her.  
Her skin was fair, her Auburn hair  
Was blown about her pretty forehead,  
Her sad white face wore sorrow's trace,  
And want and woe that were not borrowed.  
She softly said: "We have no bread,  
No wood to keep the fire burning."  
The child was ill; the winds so chill  
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.  
But men, well fed and warmly clad,  
And ladies robed in richest fashion,  
Passed on the side where no one cried  
To them for pity or compassion.  
That long night fled, and then the light  
Of rosy day, in beauty shining,  
Set dome and spire and roof on fire,  
And shone on one beyond repining.  
Asleep—alone—as cold as stone,  
Where no dear parent sought her  
In winding sheet of snow and sleet,  
Was found the drunkard's lifeless daughter.

## NATIONAL PROHIBITION IN THE SENATE.

As an indication of the newly awakened interest in the temperance reform, we give the following extracts from the proceedings of the Senate of the United States of a recent date. It will be seen that absolute national prohibition is asked for, and that these petitions are respectfully received and referred. A business call at almost any government office will convince any one of the necessity that exists for the petition relating to the intemperance of officers. We think, were it carried into effect, there would be a great many vacant offices, and we suggest to all aspirants for official positions, that the best way for them to attain success at the earliest date, will be to fall in to the ranks of the temperance party.

Mr. SUMNER, (of Mass.) presented a petition of the Florence, Massachusetts, "Temperance and Literary Union," signed by A. G. Hill, president, asking for national prohibitory legislation for the suppression of the sale, manufacture, and importation of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage; which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

He also presented a memorial of citizens of Massachusetts, praying an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, providing that no candidate shall hereafter be eligible to any Federal office who is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that drunkenness in any incumbent of such office shall be deemed at any time sufficient cause for immediate impeachment and deposition; which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

He also presented a memorial of the Reform League of New York, asking for the establishment of a national system of public schools; which was referred to the Committee on Education and Labor.

He also presented a petition of the American Temperance Commission, asking for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, providing that no person shall hereafter be eligible to any Federal office who is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. SCOTT, (of Pa.) presented the petition of Cyrus Pierce and other citizens of Bristol, Pennsylvania, asking that an amendment to the Constitution of the United States be adopted by Congress and submitted to the States for ratification, providing that no candidate shall hereafter be eligible to any Federal office who is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that drunkenness in any incumbent of such office shall be sufficient cause for impeachment and deposition. I move the reference of this petition to the Committee on the Judiciary. I also present the petition of Cyrus Pierce and other citizens of Bristol, Pennsylvania, asking for prohibitory legislation for the suppression of the sale, manufacture, and importation of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage.

Mr. FENNER presented a petition of citizens of Cortland county, New York; a petition of citizens of New Rochelle, New York, and two petitions of citizens of Rochester, N. Y., asking for an amendment to the Constitution providing that no person shall hereafter be eligible to any Federal office who is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; which were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. POMEROY. I am charged with a memorial, signed by John T. Sargent, of Boston, president of the Prohibitory Club, in which he asks that there shall be a disability imposed by an amendment to the Constitution upon Federal officers who are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that drunkenness by any incumbent of such office shall be considered cause for impeachment. I ask that this memorial take the same reference which other petitions of the same kind have taken. I am also charged with a petition from the same source, asking for legislation for the suppression of the sale, manufacture, and importation of intoxicating liquors, and for the passage by Congress of a prohibitory law. I ask that this petition, very respectfully signed as it is by Rodney French, John T. Sargent, be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.



Special Ohio Correspondence.

GEO. W. WILSON, EDITOR.

All communications for this department, as well as subscriptions and advertisements for the *Present Age*, should be sent to the editor, Aurora, Dayton, Ohio.

Money may be sent at our risk by Draft, Postoffice Money Order, payable at Dayton, Ohio, or by Registered Letter. Terms \$3 per annum, 1.50 for six months, 75c for three months. Total new annual subscribers and all who renew for one year will send *Present Age* and *Clio's Weekly*. See terms in full on 5th page.

OUR FUTURE CONDITION.

"Our present lives are but an alphabet of the life hereafter. That life is never-ending, and you will live as long as God exists. As you live this life, so will your future happiness be measured."—J. M. Peabody.

Beautifully instructive are the thoughts contained in the above passage. It was a beautiful thought of Henry C. Wright that as we feel and act towards others, so will be our happiness in this life as well as the life beyond the river. Our happiness does not depend upon how Christ lived and died, but upon how we live. His life and death can avail us nothing, only so far as we profit by his example; we must live and act for ourselves; everything, so far as we are concerned, depends upon how we live. The blood of Jesus can no more affect our happiness in the future life—can no more save us from the effects of sin—than the blood of a squirrel. That our future happiness depends upon faith in Christ, and his "atoning blood" instead of upon how we live and act, is a most pernicious doctrine, fatally destructive to sound morality, and antagonistic to human progress.

We enter the spirit-world morally and spiritually unchanged by death. Hence our condition in the spheres depends entirely upon how we live in the present. It is true that there is here we can grow in goodness and wisdom, cultivate and develop our powers, and continually progress from a lower to a higher condition; but it is also true that our every thought, word and deed will affect our destiny not only in this life but through all coming time. The influence of our acts and words is eternal. When we have committed a wrong act there is no power in the universe that can save us from the effects thereof. Every time we violate a law we must suffer the penalty, and the penalty for our violations can no more be atoned for by Christ than by Judas. The blood of Judas is just as effective to save from sin as that of Jesus, and neither can atone for one transgression.

Heaven and hell are conditions, not located places. Heaven has no streets paved with gold, no great throne in which God is seated, no doors shut and bolted for fear some sinner may gain admittance without coming in the name of Jesus; hell has no blazing fires, wherein the souls of men are forever tormented, and made miserable. Heaven exists wherever there is love, harmony, and happiness; hell wherever there is hate, inharmonious and unhappiness.

We would engrave this thought upon every human heart in letters of living fire: your future condition and happiness depends not upon how Christ or any other man lived and died, but upon how you live and act. By your life and conduct you determine your condition in the future life.

"The tissues of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of destiny  
We reap as we have sown."

LETTER FROM MRS. LUCIA H. COWLES.

We have received a long and deeply interesting letter from our old friend Mrs. Lucia H. Cowles, part of which we give to the readers of the *Age*. Years ago we heard Mrs. Cowles lecture, and at the close of her lecture, while under influence, she came to us, although we had never met previous to that day, and took hold of our hand, and for the first time we consciously felt the influence of our spirit-friends. In the afternoon we listened to her lecture with deep interest, and our faith in spirit communion dates from that day.

We quote the following account of Mrs. Cowles' labors during the past winter:

As you are doubtless aware, I went to Clyde last spring, and went to work actual-

izing the right of woman to a home. June 15th I had the exquisite pleasure of moving into a new and beautiful little house, all my own, named by my spirit-guides, "Home of Love." The atmosphere was so pure and everything so harmonious (no one but Mrs. Morse and myself) it seemed like the very "sanctum sanctorum," and such sweet rest, after four long years of homeless wanderings, I never before knew. But I could not remain long, for "the still small voice" of the spirit was constantly urging me to go out into the field that is already ripe and demanding laborers. Hence, with many tears, I bade my pleasant home and my dear friends and companion (Mrs. Morse) good bye, and with her blessing and the benediction of angels I started out again to battle with the cold storms of the outer world, and to combat with the demons of darkness, ignorance, in the world of mind.

I went to Springfield, Clark County, Ohio, and lectured four Sundays. No society there, but a few earnest noble souls; among them a young man named John Allen, owner of a hall, which he lights and warms, then gives to any and all for free speech. I assure you it is kept pretty warm all this cold winter. Many are the progressive lectures given there. Mr. Allen is a whole-souled Spiritualist. The last Sunday I was there, I gave by request, a lecture on "God in the Constitution." It was announced in the city papers for two days which had the effect to bring out a new and large audience, and if ever the "Holy Ghost" was with mortals to aid them, I feel that I had such aid. Closed my engagement at Springfield on Sunday, Feb. 24th, receiving the assurance from many that blessings had come through my labors.

I went from Springfield to New Carlisle, where I gave two evening lectures. Only one Spiritualist in the place, and he invited me with some fear and trembling that we might be disturbed by the outside element in the form of rowdiness. The first evening a large, intelligent audience greeted me, and gave profound attention. The next evening the hall was filled, and I never had a better inspiration. Church members, Methodist and Baptist, took me by the hand and said, with tears, "You must come here again." My first lecture was from the text, "If a man die he shall live again." My second, from the text, "There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Spirit pictures that I have were shown to the audience, besides recounting other evidences that we have, proving the truth of the Bible assertion.

Sunday, Feb. 18th, gave two lectures in the Court House at this place (Marion) to large and very attentive audiences. By request it was given out that I would speak on Thursday evening on "God in the Constitution." Monday morning I received a dispatch calling me to Springfield, sixty miles away, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Polmer. On Tuesday at Allen's Hall, we attended the first spiritual funeral ever held in the city of Springfield. The hall was filled with eager, anxious souls, probably two hundred of whom, never before heard a spiritual lecture.

Last evening gave my lecture here (Marion) to a crowded house, and much interest was manifested. At the close of my lecture, I presented the counter-petition, as I did also at Springfield, and got many names.

Mrs. Cowles is ready to make engagements. She would prefer to stay several months in a place. She is a most able and interesting lecturer. Her lecture on "God in the Constitution," should be repeated all over our state. Mrs. Cowles will receive subscriptions for the *Age*. Permanent address, Clyde, Ohio. She will attend funerals and legalize marriages. Such earnest and practical laborers should be kept constantly in the field. The people are doubting or openly rejecting the creeds and dogmas of the orthodox church; they are ready to receive liberal ideas; now is the time to sow the seeds of spiritual truths that in time will germinate and bear golden fruit for the elevation and perfection of humanity.

A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

A correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, writing from Aurora, Ohio, under date of February 19th, says:

Our town is at present the scene of an interesting revival of religion. The meetings are conducted by Rev. H. H. Wells, an Evangelist of the Presbyterian church, and are attended by large numbers of people. The whole town is shaken by the mighty work, and many of our prominent business men are numbered, among the converts. Religion is the almost universal theme of conversation among all classes, and a deep solemnity pervades the entire community. The meeting last night was perhaps the most thrilling one ever held in this place. After a large number had presented themselves as inquirers, Mr. Wells invited any of the young converts who wished, to stand up and testify to the reality of the religion of Christ. Although the house was filled to its utmost capacity, there was the stillness of death while one after another rose and witnessed for the Savior. Most of these were strongmen, some of whom were known as great sinners, heretofore. Mr. Wells presents the gospel in a clear and forcible manner, and then looks for immediate results. Up to this time more than seventy have turned their faces heavenward, and nearly all are rejoicing in Christ.

We pity the people of Aurora.

Such a religious excitement as is described by this correspondent, should be regarded in the light of a terrible calamity. How the popular theology crushes and blights the hopes and aspirations of the human soul! What good is accomplished by a "revival of religion." Is the cause of truth and justice advanced? Are the people made better? Are they made more loving, thoughtful, truthful, affectionate, charitable, sympathetic? Truly does Theodore Parker say:

"In all Christendom ecclesiastical Christianity blunders no war, it breaks no tyrant's rod, it never liberates a slave, emancipates no woman, shuts up no drunkery, removes no cause of ignorance, poverty, or crime, cherishes the gallows; it is no bar to the politician's ambition, all reckless of the natural rights of man, it never checks a pope or priest in his hypocrisy."

This is strong language, but facts verify its truth. Every monster is sure to have this ecclesiastical form of religion on his side, and whenever he wishes to perform a special wicked act he "supplicates his ecclesiastical God, the name in which all evil begins."

The popular theology curses the soul with false doctrines, which film over the eye till it cannot see the beautiful flowers of natural religion blooming all around us. Religious bigots "make life a great dark day, hideous with fear and devils, and amazed with the roar of greedy hell."

Theodore Parker says further:

"Such ill-entrained souls often grow idiotic in their religious sense, or else therein stark mad and penned up in churches and other asylums, mope and gibber in their hideous bereavement, thinking man is totally depraved; and God a great ugly devil, an sloughy cat who worries his living prey, tormenting them before their time, and will forever tear them to pieces in the never-ending agony of hell! It is terrible to hear the sermons, hymns, and prayers, which these unfortunates wall out in their religious folly or delirium."

It is indeed sad to see the religious nature dwarfed by false doctrines; the hope and sunshine of natural religion buried under the double and gloom of the popular religion. The religious element should bring to man the deepest joys and the highest happiness; it should be a fountain of living water from which the weary thirsting soul may drink and be strengthened for the trials and struggles of life.

NOTES.

HUDSON TUTTLE IN CLEVELAND.—This distinguished author lectured before the German Liberalists of Cleveland on two Sundays in February. Turnverein Hall was filled with appreciative audiences. *The Watcher and Erie*, a popular German paper and whose editor is a materialist, published an admirable synopsis of his lecture on "Genesis and evolution of spirit," and praised it highly. Several of the most influential Germans of that city requested a copy of his lecture in order that it might be published in German as a tract for distribution. This will be the first Spiritualist tract published in the German language in this country. Mr. Tuttle is a deep and logical thinker, always expressing his ideas in vigorous and terse language.

E. F. CURTIS, of Farmington writes us as follows:

"As to our movement here we feel hopeful and encouraged. We are being heard and respected. We are not able to keep up meetings all the time, but in warm weather people come ten and fifteen miles to our meetings, and great interest is manifested."

The Spiritualists of Farmington own a pleasant and substantial hall. Our friends in other places can build halls if they will take hold of the work with energy and perseverance.

We are glad to learn that Prof. E. Whipple, the able and popular lecturer on geological subjects, is meeting with good success during the present season. Our friends can in no way more rapidly advance liberal ideas than by securing Prof. Whipple to deliver a course of lectures. His permanent address is Clyde, Ohio. We are happy to announce that after the close of the lecturing season he will write for the Ohio Department of the *Age*. Whatever comes from his pen is full of interest.

WHENEVER I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—*Pope*.

FOR THE PRESENT AGE.  
A PARAPHRASE.  
BY DAVID H. SHAFER.

In this my first attempt to introduce myself to the friends, patrons, and readers of the *PRESENT AGE*, a verse of an old familiar, Methodist hymn suddenly intruded into my thoughts, and as you will perceive I have headed my introduction with a slight improvement on the original. And without any inclination to paraphrase the rest of the hymn I have elongated from the idea suggested in the first line of the first stanza to suit the *Age* in which you are interested, and not the *dead dog* matism of the past.

To serve the *PRESENT AGE*,  
My calling to fulfill,  
My intellectual powers engage  
To work with mind and will.

Nor longer keep confined,  
Thoughts in their mental cage,  
But let the treasures of the mind  
Enrich the *PRESENT AGE*.

'Twill be noble thus to toil  
For a goodly heritage,  
To root out errors from the soil  
And bless the *PRESENT AGE*.

In the surging human sea,  
With sounding line and dredge,  
To gather something that will be  
Good for the *PRESENT AGE*.

To spread abroad the truth,  
Though bigots rant and rage,  
Sweet or bitter—rough or smooth,  
'Twill suit the *PRESENT AGE*.

With mind and pen, the war  
With ignorance to wage;  
May they be wielded with a power  
To stir the *PRESENT AGE*.

O'er the errors of the past,  
And with truth from nature's page,  
We trust that victory at last  
Will crown the *PRESENT AGE*.

With charity to all,  
And all human woes to assuage,  
On every liberal soul we call  
To aid the *PRESENT AGE*.

Not idly stand and prate,  
But mind the old adage,  
Then with a will, go circulate  
Abroad the *PRESENT AGE*.

It comes to you in short meter and may be sung by whomsoever may, in spirit, feel thus inclined. If sung at all, it is only with the spirit, and with the understanding," in reference to its practical applicability. It impresses me favorably that if it would be sung, or read and committed to memory, as often as the old hymn was, it would materially solve the *PRESENT AGE*, in the fulfillment of its mission to promote the cause of human progress, in leading man out of the darkness of ignorance and superstitious idolatry, into the marvelous light of the truth of immortality, in elevating woman to the exalted sphere, to which she aspires, and to which she is destined.

The spiritual kingdom is within the soul of every human being; the spirit world is all around us; we are in it, though on the material plane, and therefore every thing, animate or inanimate on the material plane, is reflected by the spirit mirror on the spiritual. It has its counterpart in spirit. "Its rocks, its hills, its brooks, its vales," its vegetation, its spiritual organic life.

"There everlasting spring abides  
And never fading flowers,  
Death like a narrow sea divides  
The spirit-land from ours."

Whatever the past has been, whatever the future may be, it is the ever present only that we realize, a reality to us, that we can comprehend, a continually varying panoramic scene, within the scope of our senses, and of pantomimic character.

Whatever, therefore, the soul is cognizant of, whatever the soul possesses, it is absolutely certain of; but this is not unchangeable. Love, for instance, which in its essence is indestructible, and of which the soul can never be deprived, is subject to change, as are all things material as well as spiritual, for it is subject to the inevitable law of progress. The promptings, the acts, the emotions of the soul, emanate from the highest, purest source; kind words and deeds are immortal. The soul is greater than worlds. Its labors and its struggles aim to triumph over matter. All that has been, is, or will be, the soul must experience, must possess.

As there is good in every thing, and a soul in every thing, they are one and inseparable. The experiences of the soul, as it passes

through its material existence, in whatever state, form, condition, and character; through every grade of evil, though every line of good; prosperity or adversity; through fire or flood; the tides of public favor, or ebbs of persecution; pleasures sweet, or pains severe, shame and degradation, to the soul it matters not, for every experience is essential to its development, from which it gathers its elements of strength and wisdom, and by which it triumphs over inanimate matter and unfolds into a higher consciousness of itself.

Whatever the pains, the sufferings of the physical body, may be, they are warnings to the spirit; its medicine, its means of acquiring a better control of its earthly temples, and a more perfect and mature expression of the outward life of the spiritual.

CINCINNATI, O.

LIBERAL CHRISTIAN ORGANIZATION.

An organization was effected at Allen's Hall, Springfield, Ohio, on Sunday the 3d inst., under the following preamble:

For the purpose of maintaining public religious services in the city of Springfield under the name of the Religious Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists, and to found a society whose object shall be: First, the improvement of its members intellectually, morally, socially and religiously, while it imposes no test of creed, or theological opinion upon any one; leaving to all the largest liberty of thought and belief; while it supposes a sincere and exalted motive in all who seek its membership. Secondly, the promulgation of such humanitarian work in the community as shall carry out the ends of a truly liberal Christianity.

The following officers were elected:  
J. P. ALLEN, Pres't.  
Mrs. S. L. LEWIS, Vice Pres't.  
G. W. DALL, Treas.  
Geo. M. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

All desiring to unite with a liberal organization can do so by consulting with the President or Secretary.

The Society as heretofore will keep their Hall open for discourses from persons of all belief, and will raise a fund by monthly subscription by the members and others to remunerate the speakers, and keep the seals free to all.

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